FOR POSTAGE RATES SEE FRONTISPIECE

Fit "TripleX" Regd - and be safe

THE SPHERE, AUGUST 25, 1951
With which is incorporated "BLACK & WHITE" 2/-

The SPHERE

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC

Vol. CCVI, No. 2689
AUGUST 25, 1951

ROSS'S Belfast Ginger Ale

Ross's Royal Orange Squash is made to the same high standard as is Ross's Ginger Ale

By Appointment
Table Salt Manufacturers
Cerebos
The "finest" salt

SEE
JAEGER
FINEST WOOL AND STYLE

GREYS are great CIGARETTES

A cup of
HARDEN'S CEYLON TEA
—"just what the DOCTOR ordered"
Harden Bros. & Lindsay Ltd., 121 Cannon Street, London, E.C.4

By Appointment
Toilet Soap Makers
to H.M. King George VI
Fine English Soaps
in the
Bronnley
Tradition

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE KING.
SANITARY POLISH MANUFACTURERS. RONUK LTD., PORTSLADE
RONUK
POLISHES

TANZARO
finest fruit squash
JEWSBURY & BROWN, LTD., MANCHESTER 12
26

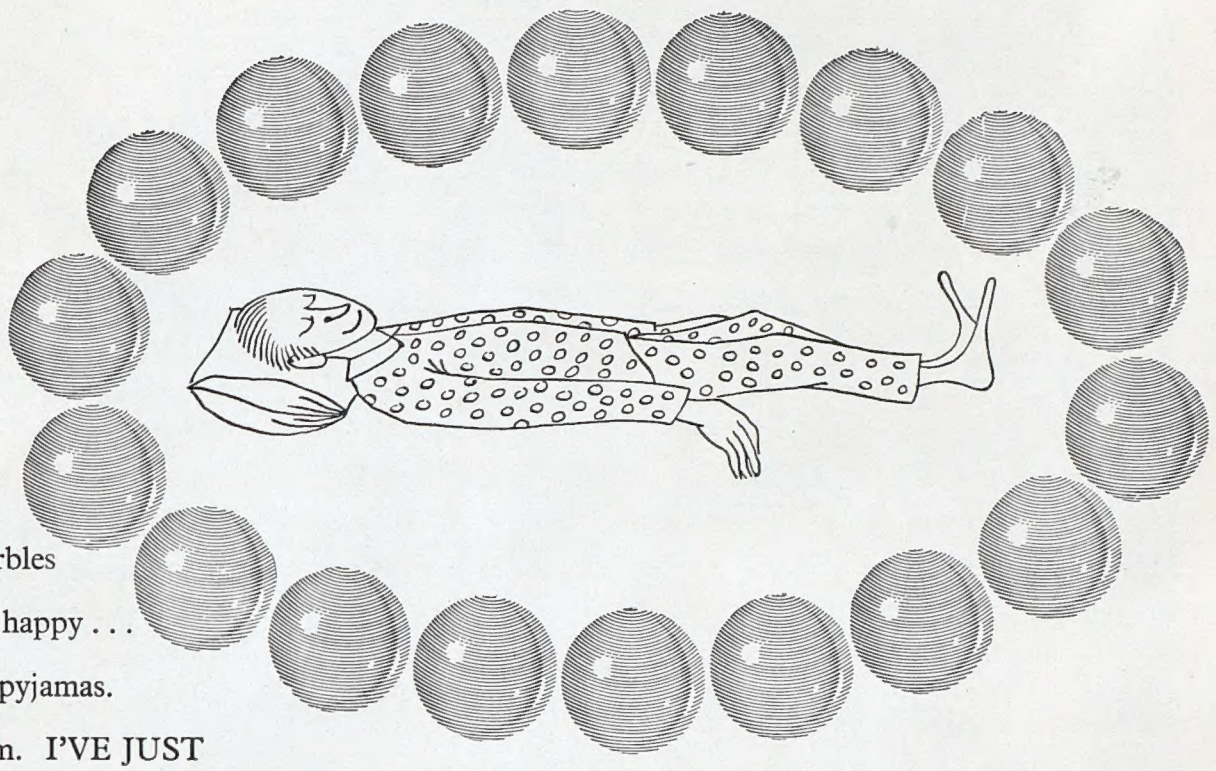
ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE TRANSACTED
UNITED BRITISH INSURANCE COMPANY Ltd.
BYRON HOUSE, 7/9, ST. JAMES'S STREET, LONDON, S.W.1

This England . . .

Near Lewes, Sussex

MUCH DO WE OWE to the Great Horse of England, and Henry VIII was at one time much concerned for its due maintenance. Wherefore his Bill for the Breed of Horses begins: "For as much as the breed and generation of good and strong horses within this realm extendeth not only to a great help and defence of the same but is also a great commodity and profit to the inhabitants . . ." The clauses enact that all forests, chases and commons be "driven" within fifteen days of Michaelmas and all colts unpromising, and horses not being of the "height of fifteen handfulls," be destroyed. Ruthless, but it gave us the handsome "Shire" of to-day — 2,000 lbs. of docile, intelligent strength. And who but those same men fostered those great beers of England, your Bass and Worthington — also strong yet docile, bred to aid us royally through the labours of the day.

ISSUED BY BASS AND WORTHINGTON, BURTON-UPON-TRENT, ENGLAND



I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls

That's me, asleep. Those are the marbles round about. I'm warm . . . quiet . . . happy . . . Nothing to do with the spots on my pyjamas. Nothing to do with earplugs or opium. I'VE JUST DISCOVERED THAT THE WORLD'S BEST ALL-ROUND INSULATING MATERIAL CONSISTS OF NOTHING BUT MILLIONS OF FINE GLASS FILAMENTS, SPUN FROM GLASS MARBLES! Wonderful! Makes walls heat-tight . . . roofs ditto . . . floors sound-proof . . . life restful. Builders use it. So do architects. Also engineers. It's called:—

FIBREGLASS

TRADE MARK

FIBREGLASS LIMITED, Ravenhead, St. Helens, Lancs. St. Helens 4224

WELL TAILORED COMFORT

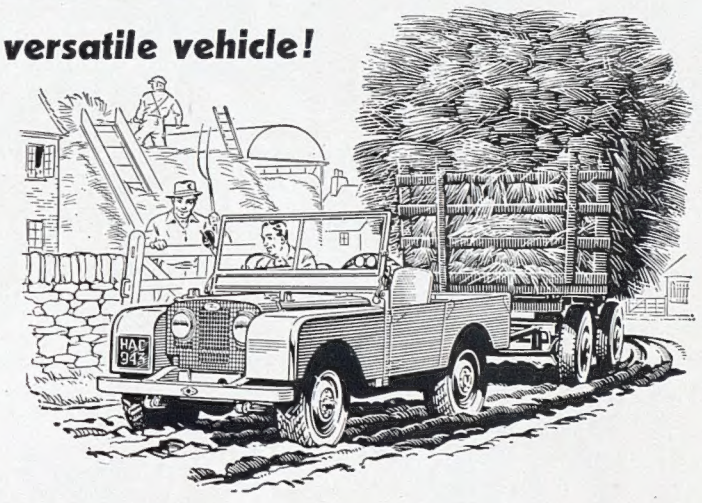
Coat shirts by ℗1

VANTELLA

COTELLA LTD., OXFORD ST., W.1

By Appointment to His Majesty the King *Manufacturers of Land-Rovers The Rover Company Ltd.*

Britain's most versatile vehicle!



EVERY FARMER will appreciate the value of this tough little go-anywhere vehicle. Its low-geared four-wheel drive takes it over the roughest going, yet it is a fast and economical vehicle on the road. By using the power take-off it becomes a mobile power unit for rick-building, root-cutting and a score of other jobs.

Wherever there's work to be done —you'll find the LAND-ROVER

MADE BY THE ROVER CO. LTD · SOLIHULL · BIRMINGHAM

CVS-70

BELL'S

'Afore ye go'

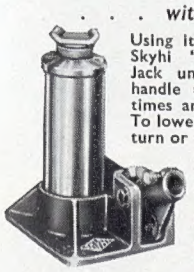
This fine old whisky contains all the richness of many years maturing.

ARTHUR BELL & SONS LTD.
SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS, PERTH
• AN INDEPENDENT HOUSE •

Punctures!

HERE'S HOW TO CHANGE A WHEEL

. . . *the quickest way*
. . . *the cleanest way*
. . . *with effortless ease*



Using its long handle, slide a Skyhi "MINOR" Hydraulic Jack under axle, move the handle up and down a few times and the wheel is clear. To lower, just give the handle a turn or two anti-clockwise and your car is down. It *is* just as simple as it sounds.

ONE-HAND OPERATION

NO DIRTY HANDS

Only 6½" high (closed) but lifts 2 tons.
THE FINEST 'little' JACK IN THE WORLD.
Please write for illustrated leaflet.
PRICE £4 . 7 . 6 from any garage

SKYHI LIMITED
"SKYHI" WORKS, WORTON ROAD, ISLEWORTH, MIDDX.

Wit and distinction open more doors than wealth. Perhaps it is because they are inherited, not acquired. Wolseley cars inherit a distinction of appearance and an engineering soundness which have been built up through fifty years of fine-car production.

Gracefully Modern—Distinctly

WOLSELEY

NUFFIELD PRODUCTS

WOLSELEY MOTORS LTD., COWLEY, OXFORD. Overseas Business: Nuffield Exports Ltd., Oxford and 41, Piccadilly, London, W.1.
London Showrooms: Eustace Watkins Ltd., 12, Berkeley Street, W.1

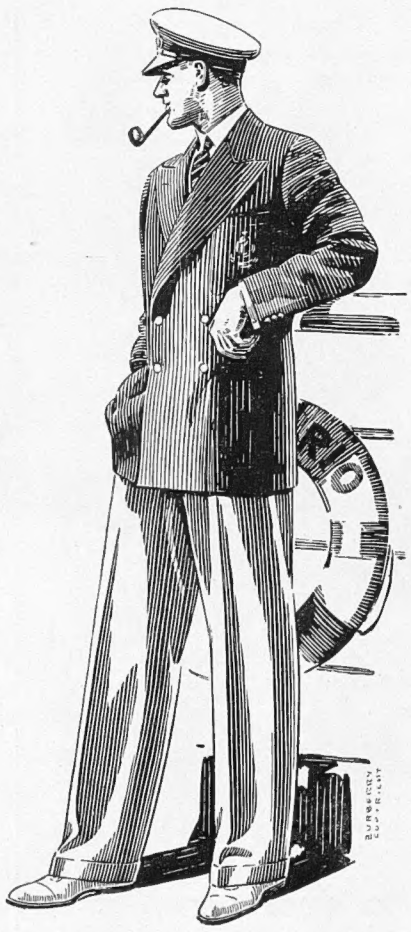
DIEU ET MON DROIT

BY APPOINTMENT
MAKERS OF WEATHERPROOF CLOTHING
TO H.M. THE KING

CLOTHES SENSE

The well-dressed man of to-day needs not only an eye for perfect materials and cut—but a keen sense of Value! At Burberrys, his requirements are interpreted to his complete satisfaction—materially and *economically*.

Navy Blue Double Breasted Blazer with trousers in the best West of England Flannel, elastic tops.



BURBERRYS

HAYMARKET LONDON S.W.1

Telephone: WHitehall 3343 BURBERRYS LTD.

FAMOUS QUEENS *by famous Masters*

QUEEN
NOFRETETE
by
an artist of the Amarna
Period.
(*Berlin Museum*)

HIGHLAND QUEEN

SCOTCH WHISKY BY
MACDONALD & MUIR LTD
Distillers · Leith · Scotland

Volume CCVI No. 2689 The SPHERE, London, August 25, 1951

The SPHERE
WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "THE GRAPHIC"
THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

THE COMING-OF-AGE OF PRINCESS MARGARET—THE YOUNGER DAUGHTER OF HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE VI AND HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH IN THE MUSIC ROOM AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE: Her Royal Highness, who celebrated her twenty-first birthday at Balmoral last Tuesday, August 21, is seen wearing a dress of white taffeta and a five-rope pearl necklace. The photograph was specially taken by Cecil Beaton to mark the occasion of the Princess's birthday.

Between 9 and 9.30 a.m. on August 21, 1930, the first Royal baby born north of the Tweed for three centuries first saw the light of day at Glamis Castle, Forfarshire. Beacons flared on the Scottish hills to announce the glad tidings that the two Royal lines of post-Reformation Britain, Stewart and Windsor, were now more than ever united. In due course the little Princess was christened Margaret Rose, taking her place in the devoted circle of the Royal Family. Last Tuesday Princess Margaret attained the age of twenty-one and, fittingly enough, the event was celebrated in her native Scotland with her family and a party of friends of her own age at Balmoral, on Deeside. Congratulations were showered on the Princess from all parts of the world, and in particular from the Commonwealth, and for some days before the birthday the Balmoral post assumed a more-than-ordinary bulk. Round the Castle itself there was something of an air of secrecy, as the King had let it be known among his staff and servants that a minimum of publicity would be desirable.

Postage—Inland, 2d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

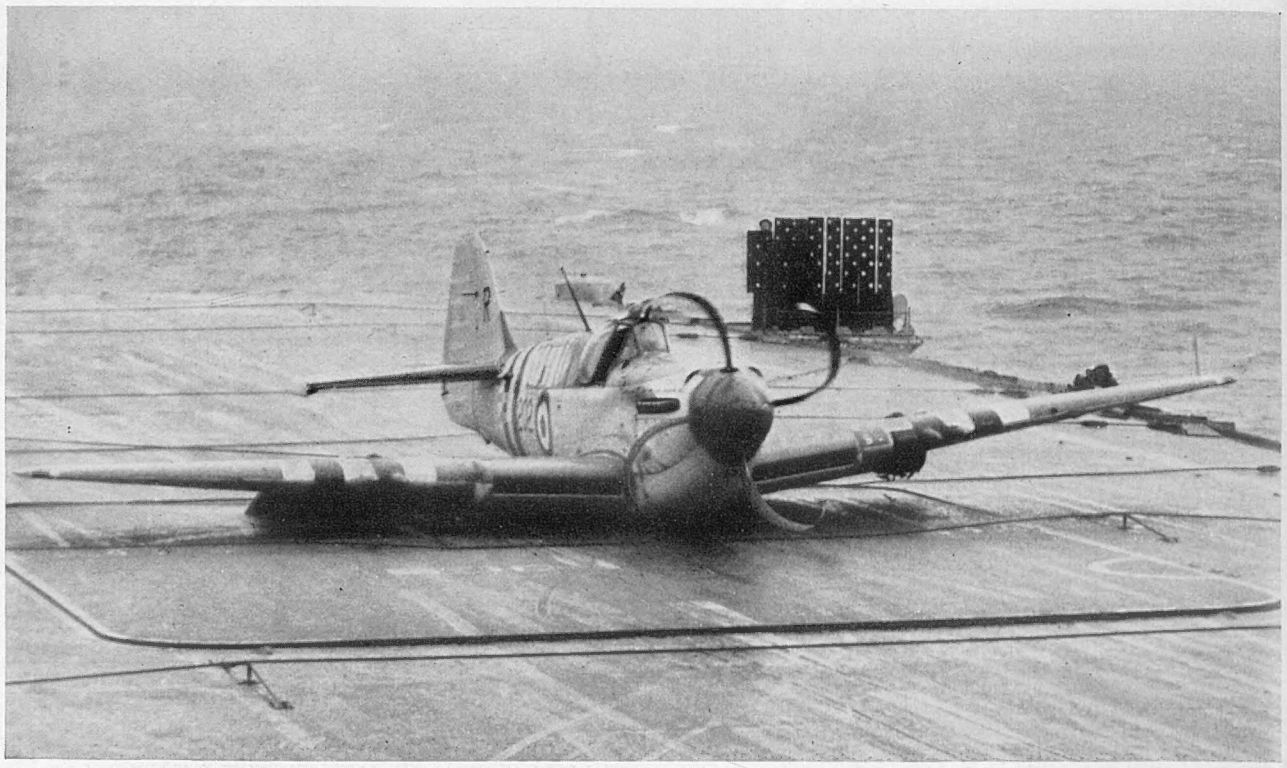
A LONDON NEWSLETTER

INGRAM HOUSE, 195-198, STRAND, W.C.2

Mr. Stokes' Rabbit.—To judge by the first releases—on which no detailed commentary is yet desirable or possible—the solution offered by Mr. Stokes of the Persian tangle is one more rabbit out of the Government's top-hat. The Persians clearly still think so, still suppose that they will receive 95 per cent. of their demands and yield merely 5 per cent. for our face-saving. The trouble is that Mr. Stokes has the face of a lion, the Bevin strength of face, and we expect something stronger from his confident departure for Teheran. The trouble about all our negotiations with Governments (and minority strikers at home) is that we start out with brave words and finish the journeys crawling on our knees. We speak of the sanctity of treaties and the pledged word, we assume that discipline and honour must still be the deciding factors in disputes between nations and individuals. In the Persian trouble, even the Government at first spoke brave words. We would never submit to the abrogation of the Treaty, never suffer our vast investments in Persia to be filched from us nor British employees to be sacrificed to Persian nationalism. But when the time comes to reach some sort of solution, whether it be international or in some local trade dispute, brave words are forgotten ; discipline, order, pledged words and treaties are scrapped, and what comes out of the English conjurer's hat is one more rabbit, a 95 per cent. acceptance of the rapacious demands and a 5 per cent. face-saving concession which is hailed as a triumph of British strength and statesmanship. Small wonder if the raiders of our hen-roosts operate by day and by night.

Cost of Foreign Services.—In 1938-39 we spent £2,000,000 on what are called foreign services. A very big item in these " services " is what is called *Frais de representation*, extra allowances to members of missions sent abroad. For example, the Royal Commission on Capital Punishment took evidence in six overseas countries. Well, that sort of activity and more permanent representations cost us apparently £2,000,000 in 1938-39 ; in 1950-51 it cost us £36,000,000. This is a startling rise. It is easy enough to be cynical about it, and declare that the current fruits of these civilised and civilising visitations do not reveal a 1,800 or even a 100 per cent. increase in the resulting harvests of understanding, co-operation, culture, and so forth. But the subject is very complicated and European exchange enters vitally into it. Our Moscow Ambassador, for instance, had a basic allowance, or *frais*, of £9,000 to enable him to cut a figure, but to give him that value in roubles, we must dip into sterling and take out £34,000. The Commons Select Committee is a little shocked at the increase in the number of staff, the " proliferation of Chancery servants," for example. The staff has quadrupled since 1939, and (says the H.C.S.C.) ought to be diminished or at least reviewed. But nothing much comes of H.C.S.C. recommendations. What are a few millions here or there when a great, rich country like ours is cutting a worthy figure abroad ?

E.M.2 Rifle.—Convincing indeed were the Warminster tests of the new rifle, to be known as E.M.2. Representatives of fifteen Commonwealth countries saw it fire 84 rounds of 7-mm., all on the target at 200 yards in one minute. The American Garand, equally accurate, fired only 43. The E.M.2 then was given a sand bath and fired accurately after only a shake. In penetrative power it proved little less effective than the Garand and the .303, both into wood and steel. It is an ugly weapon, perfectly straight, with a trigger in front of the magazine, which holds 20 rounds. The sights are optical and need no adjustments. The weapon weighs 1 lb. less than the .303. It is " to be known as the E.M.2," but not yet known to Private T. Atkins. According to Mr. Shinwell, no decision as to its adoption can be taken for months and, in any case, it could not come off the lines for two years. That is a long delay in time of urgent crisis—too long, if the rifle is as good as it seemed at Warminster. There are other questions involved besides efficiency. So far only the Commonwealth has had the chance to be persuaded. Mr. Shinwell's words did not convince America.



A CRASH-LANDING ON THE AIRCRAFT-CARRIER H.M.S. " GLORY "—WITH BATTERED PROPELLER-BLADES A FIREFLY FIGHTER COMES TO REST ON THE DECK OF H.M.S. " GLORY " AFTER AN EMERGENCY LANDING DURING OPERATIONS OFF KOREA : The fighter, returning from attacks on enemy installations on the mainland, had damaged its landing-gear in a first, unsuccessful attempt to land. Lieutenant J. R. C. Johnston, the pilot, circled the aircraft-carrier and made his second landing knowing that his wheels would not operate. By superb airmanship he brought the Firefly safely on to the ship's deck without injury to himself or to his observer, Sub-Lieutenant R. J. Bates, and five minutes after this picture was taken the damaged fighter had been removed to a hangar and flying was resumed.

Gathering of (Some) Clans.—When the standards were raised at Murrayfield on August 16, the affair (it was claimed) had the risings of 1715 and 1745 beat. It was certainly better publicised. The pretenders (so-called) knew not the blessings of Press photographs, radio and T.V. They had to rely on hand-sketches by Paul Sandby and eyewitness accounts tardily collected. In numbers, no doubt, the gatherings of 1951 challenge comparison with the risings, but not all the clans out in '15 and '45 were out at Murrayfield. Some of the chieftains dislike publicity, some don't think Edinburgh quite the right place for a display of Highland fashions. But the contingents from the Commonwealth found it much to their taste, and at least fifteen clans, some under lady chieftains, paraded their tartans before the hereditary Lord High Constable, Lady Erroll, chieftain of the Hays. On the whole, I think historical parallels should be sought not from the '15 or the '45, but from the later visit of George IV under the ægis of Sir Walter Scott. Let us hope that no chieftains who paraded in 1951 depleted their diminished rent rolls, as some of their ancestors did in 1822, in the business of dressing-up.

The Dead Bones of Language.—The bones of St. Thomas à Becket still lie hid. Those discovered in a stone coffin in the cathedral crypt in 1888 have now been twice examined by leading scientists, first in 1888, when the opinion was expressed that they were probably the Saint's bones ; again in 1949-50 under instructions from the Dean and Chapter. This last examination rejected the earlier finding. Perhaps they are the bones of St. Alphege ; this was a theory put forward by Dr. Mason in 1920, when he marshalled the then existing evidence, some of which was questionable. It all turns on whether the skull shows traces of a cleaving wound made by a sharp instrument *before* death. In 1888 Mr. Thornton claimed that such a cleavage was visible on the left side of the skull, and that apparently has always been accepted as the cause of Becket's death, *with what justification in history I do not know.* That cleavage made before death is not admitted to-day. The bones, since their reburial in 1888, have been shaken by bombs and disturbed by water, but the latest investigation discounted the " ante-mortem " scalping. Perhaps these scientists are right. I am not so sure that their language is right. I think that scientists are very much to blame for the present wave of bureaucratese, journalese and scientese which disfigures and makes ludicrous our efforts to tell a plain tale clearly in any field of human endeavour. They conclude : " The stature and, crucially, the absence of *ante-mortem* cranial injury constitute overriding evidence against this interpretation." Earlier on they say : " The edges of the pseudo-corona . . . manifest nowhere any evidence of contact with a cutting instrument—or, indeed, any *ante-mortem trauma* whatsoever. In sum, the pseudo-corona was not instrumentally detached *in vivo*." If that is not jargon, with all the faults of bureaucratese, I never met it. All this nonsense in dead and living languages simply means : " This skull was not cloven when the man was alive. Therefore it is not St. Thomas's skull, if History is right about the cause of his death." The professors should read Gowers' *Plain Words*. They may know something about skulls ; they know nothing about prose style.

Lyme and Eton High Streets.—Every few years I drive through Bridport and Lyme Regis. Here in August all the shoppers of these islands congregate from ten o'clock in the morning to five o'clock at night, and (I presume) make the fortunate shopkeepers wealthy. The road between these centres of industry must be one of the busiest and most congested. Lyme Regis High Street is high. It needs a Dracula to creep up it unhindered. It is also narrow. Cars park on either side, turning out and in at a whim. There is nearly always some heavy agricultural machine crawling up or down. Last week this traffic disturber was an enormous tractor drawing an outsize tender on which was insecurely poised a monster tank, the whole occupying half the width and a large ratio of the length of the High Street. No stranger who seeks to understand our national character should miss Lyme Regis main street in August or Eton High Street any day. " Go-as-you-please " and a fierce individualism survive as in the " good old days " of Pam.

Litter Fiends.—" The people who sit in darkness " behind the Iron Curtain have recently been informed of the glories of Western culture by a society called Radio Free Europe, American sponsored. They sent over the Czech border 200 balloons, each carrying 10,000 leaflets expressing the hope that freedom will one day come again to the oppressed people. The oppressed people of Czechoslovakia should now be made aware of one at least of the glories of our culture—our love of litter, our addiction to ornamenting our countryside and streets with newsprint, cartons and greasy wrapping paper. *This* freedom, at any rate, is ours and no authority can check it. Whether it will encourage the oppressed Czechs to break out to our culture, I do not know. It may be they will prefer tidiness to Western culture, and not thank the West for using their country as a waste-paper basket.

J.P.s' Expenses.—Mr. Richard Reudel, of Wittersham, put in a nutshell the present-day duties of a J.P. and made the further point that at present the Welfare State stands or falls by its supply of unpaid volunteers. I did not think it would be long before attention was called to the Eighth Section of Justices of the Peace Act, 1949, which " provides " for payment of expenses (and is not in sight of being implemented). Many J.P.s are altogether opposed to payment of any sort for their services, but " democracy," which keeps a careful eye on appointments, required that a good man should not be debarred by lack of money from assisting in 90 per cent. of our criminal justice and a score of other judicial and administrative jobs. As Mr. Reudel points out, the crux to-day is the Justice's car and its upkeep. The rural J.P. is a cripple without a car of some sort. Often enough a single job will cost him 50 miles of petrol alone, and he has no priority for a new car. With Quarter Sessions and Appeals and Standing Joint Committees, he may average much more every week of the year ; and now at last petrol and upkeep are shoes which begin to pinch. But I do not think this cry from the heart is likely to secure the implementation of Section 8 for a long, long time, for J.P.s are not a union and are unversed in the technique of unofficial strikes.

THE OLD STAGER

" WITH BEST WISHES "

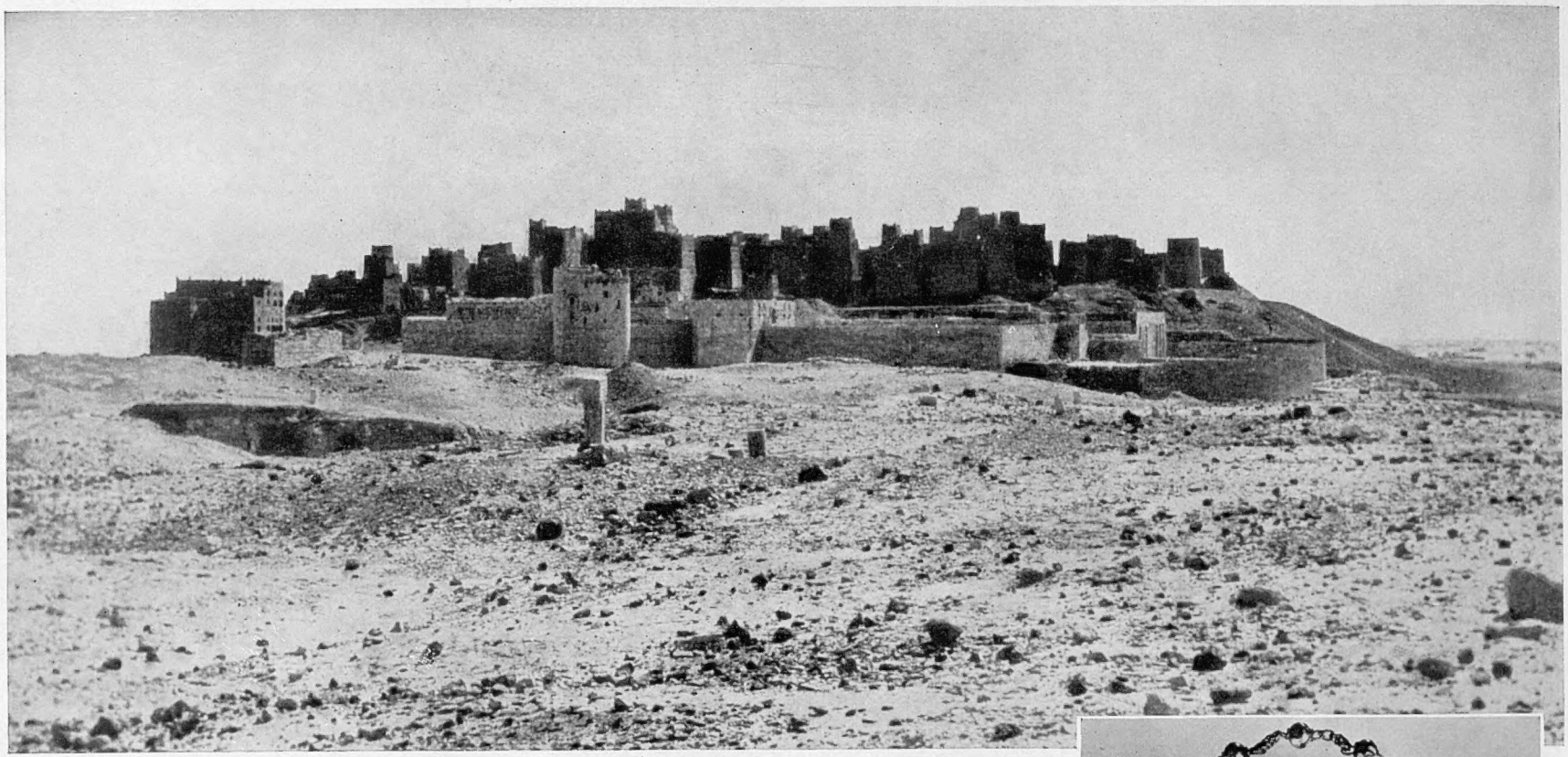
THOSE in search of a gift for friends, either at home or overseas, will find that a year's subscription to THE SPHERE provides an ideal solution. Each week, the new copy will be a fresh reminder of the kind thought and good wishes of the friend at home. Orders for subscriptions for THE SPHERE to be sent overseas can now be taken. They should be addressed : The Subscription Department, THE SPHERE, Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2, together with the name and address of the person to whom the copies are to be sent, and enclosing the subscription. Inland and Eire, £5 16s. 6d. Canada, £5 14s. Elsewhere abroad, £5 18s. 6d. (to include the Xmas Number).

THE EDINBURGH MARCH

AND THE ANNUAL BEN NEVIS RACE

"THE MARCH OF THE THOUSAND PIPERS"—A MAGNIFICENT PARADE IN EDINBURGH SPOILED BY THE IMMENSE CROWDS : Edinburgh's police were powerless to prevent crowds who gathered to watch this spectacle, which was heralded as the biggest event of the Edinburgh Festival, from jamming the procession route and reducing the parade to a fiasco. The pipers, on their way via Princes Street to Murrayfield, where the world's pipe band championship was to be held, intended to march sixteen abreast, but crowds shown in this picture forced them to a formation of half that width along the Mound. Nearly 500,000 spectators were there and they overflowed to such an extent that it was decided to split the procession into two. Even then pipers in the rear were in danger of being cut off by the crowds and a number of pipers in the second section of the procession had to abandon their attempt to keep up with their fellows. The march-past, however, provided at least one historic episode: the MacDonalds and Campbells marched proudly together, meeting officially for the first time since the massacre of Glencoe.

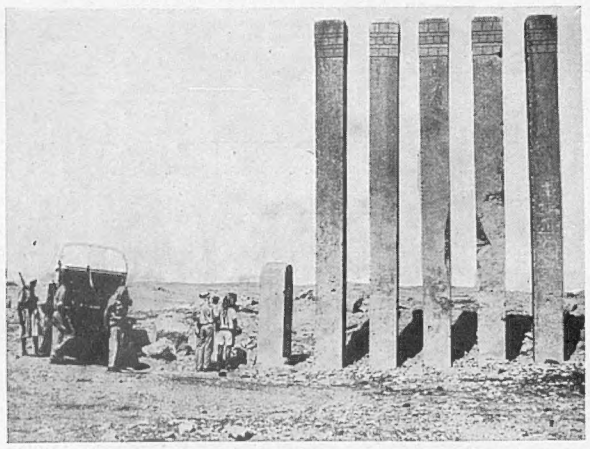
THE RACE UP BRITAIN'S HIGHEST MOUNTAIN : Clad in a motley of athletic garments, competitors for the race up to the summit of Ben Nevis line up at the starting-point, watched by a crowd of holiday-makers. The winner of this race, which is held annually, was twenty-one-year-old Brian Cairney, whose time was 1 hour, 51 mins. and 18 secs. His brother Tom, aged twenty-four, came third. The peak of Ben Nevis is 4,406 ft. above sea level.



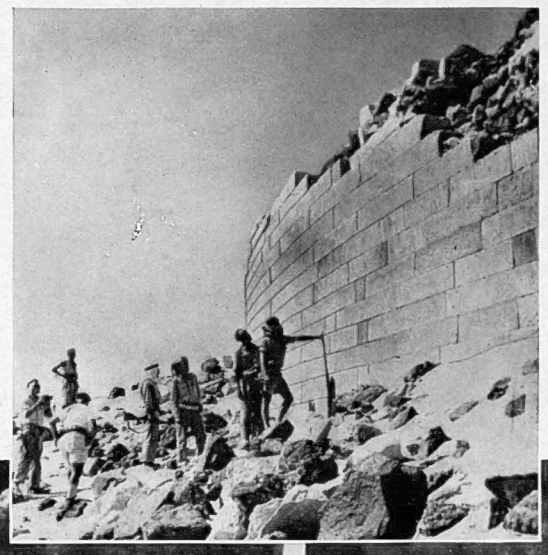
THE PRESENT-DAY TOWN OF MARIB, IN SOUTHERN ARABIA, AND IN THE FOREGROUND THE SITE OF THE ANCIENT CITY, THE QUEEN OF SHEBA'S CAPITAL : The Wendell Phillips archæological expedition has just completed two years' work in this area, the expedition being sponsored by the American Foundation for the Study of Man. Excavations are now to be undertaken at Marib, where, according to Mr. Phillips, 70 ft. of stratified ruins lie packed, one city on the ruins of another.

EXPLORING THE CAPITAL OF THE QUEEN OF SHEBA

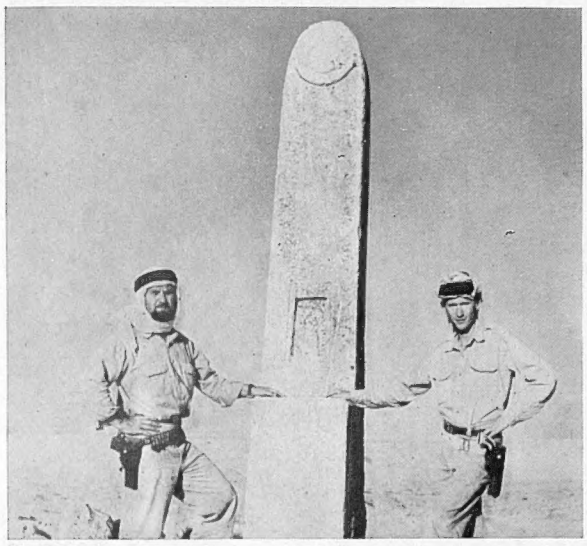
The Wendell Phillips Archæological Expedition and its Work in the Arabian City of Marib

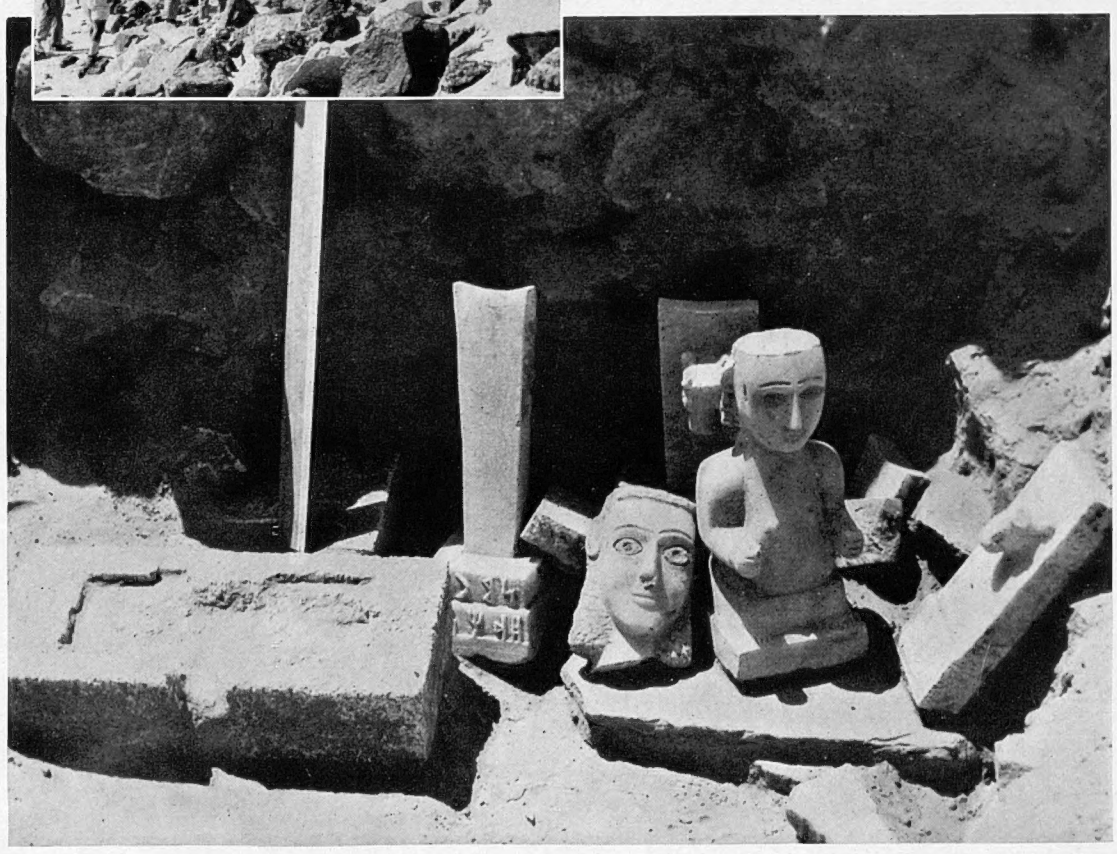


THIRTY-FOOT PILLARS OF THE TEMPLE OF THE MOON GOD : The exploration of the temple area has been one of the most important works so far carried out by the Wendell Phillips expedition at Marib. The Moon God was once the principal deity in this part of Arabia.



PRESENTED TO THE AMERICAN EXPLORERS BY SHERIF HUSSEIN, RULER OF BEIHAN : This gold necklace, approximately 2,300 years old, was a goodwill gift to Wendell Phillips and his colleagues during the course of their exploratory work in Southern Arabia. *On left*—The Sabæan wall at Marib. On it are Himyaritic inscriptions relating to ancient Arabian civilisation.





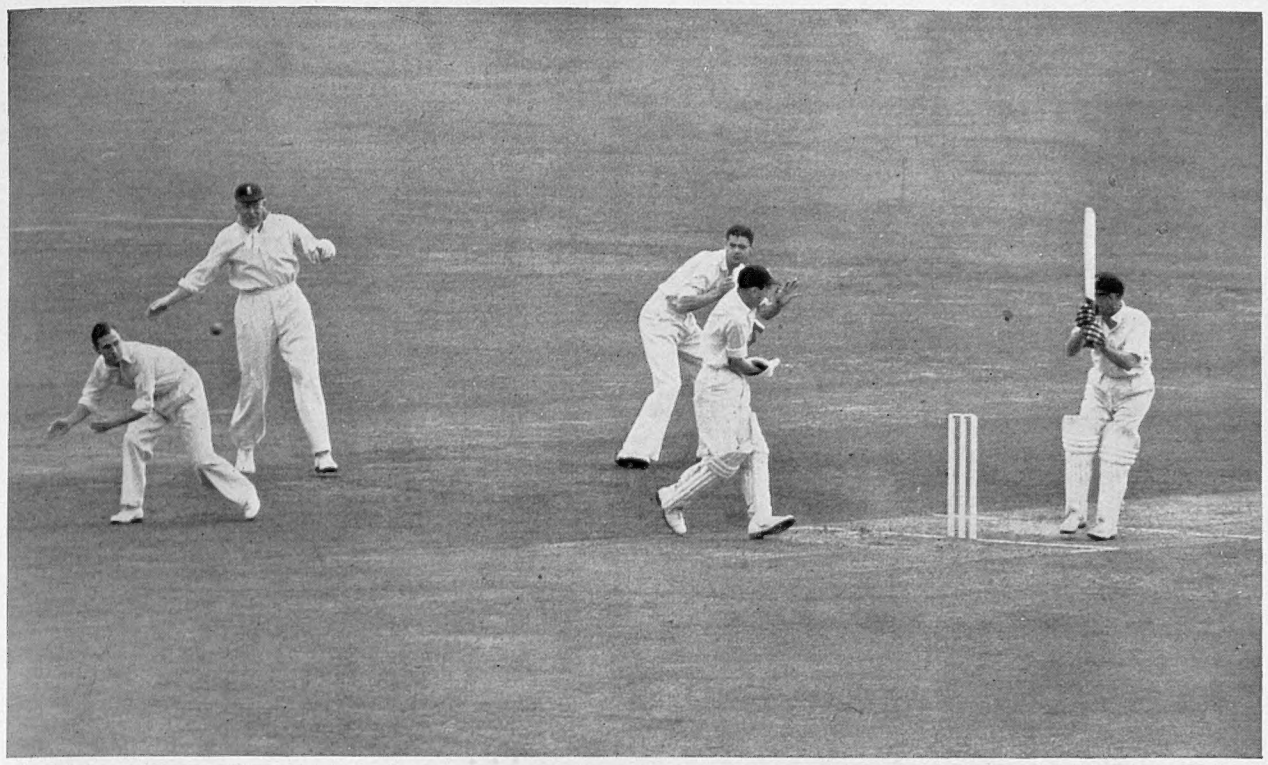
EXPLORING SOUTHERN ARABIA IN THE STEPS OF ARNAUD AND HALEVY : *Left*—**Dr. Valentin de Migard, surgeon to the Wendell Phillips expedition, and Mr. Phillips seen standing beside a pillar which they located five miles from Marib during their initial exploratory work.** *Right*—**Unusual alabaster figures found by the expedition in the great graveyard at Timna. From now on, the expedition is to concentrate on the Marib excavations.**

Marib was celebrated in ancient times for its great dam, built, according to tradition, by the Queen of Sheba, and the bursting of which, in A.D. 120, is said to have led to the abandonment of the city, the population moving westward to found a new Himyaritic kingdom at Sana. Some say, indeed, that this was the beginning of Arab history proper. The rock-cut inscriptions and ruins of Marib have never been fully surveyed, and it is hoped that the present expedition led by the American archæologist, Wendell Phillips, will fill important gaps in our knowledge. So far the expedition has surveyed two temples, hitherto unrecorded, and has set to work on a number of inscriptions. It was the Frenchman L. Arnaud who was the first European to visit the Southern Jauf and to report on Marib's rock-cut inscriptions, but it was not until 1870 that a competent archæologist, J. Halevy, was able to carry out any complete exploration there. It was Halevy who found the famous dam constructed by the Himyarites across the West Shibwan to provide their water supply, and he explored the nearby ruins of Medinat an Nahas, so called from its numerous inscriptions on brass plates. Another explorer who visited Marib in the last century, and one who achieved more for science in the Yemen than any traveller since Niebuhr, was the Austrian archæologist E. Glaser (1855-1908). He reached Marib in 1889 under Turkish escort, and there he obtained, during a stay of thirty days, a large number of new Himyaritic inscriptions. The present expedition, sponsored by the American Foundation for the Study of Man, has been granted permission to dig by the King of the Yemen, and in the coming season's work, which is to be concentrated upon Marib and its stratified ruins going down to 70 ft., important results are expected.

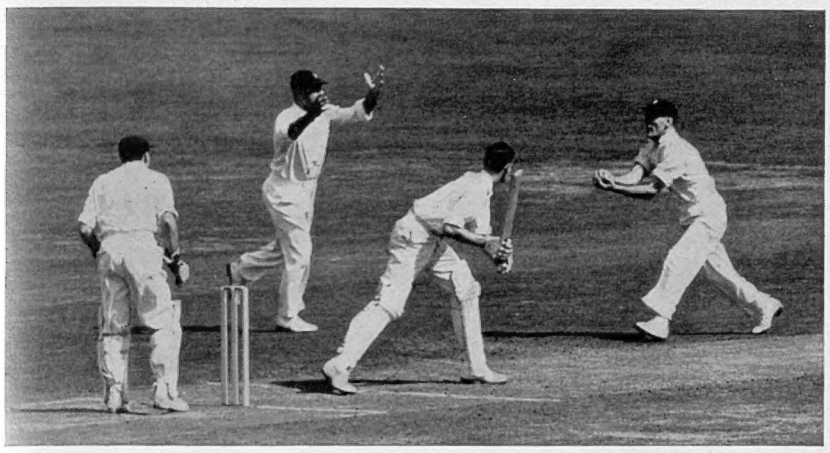
A DRAMATIC FINAL TEST MATCH

ENGLAND BEAT SOUTH AFRICA AT THE OVAL AND CLINCH THE SERIES

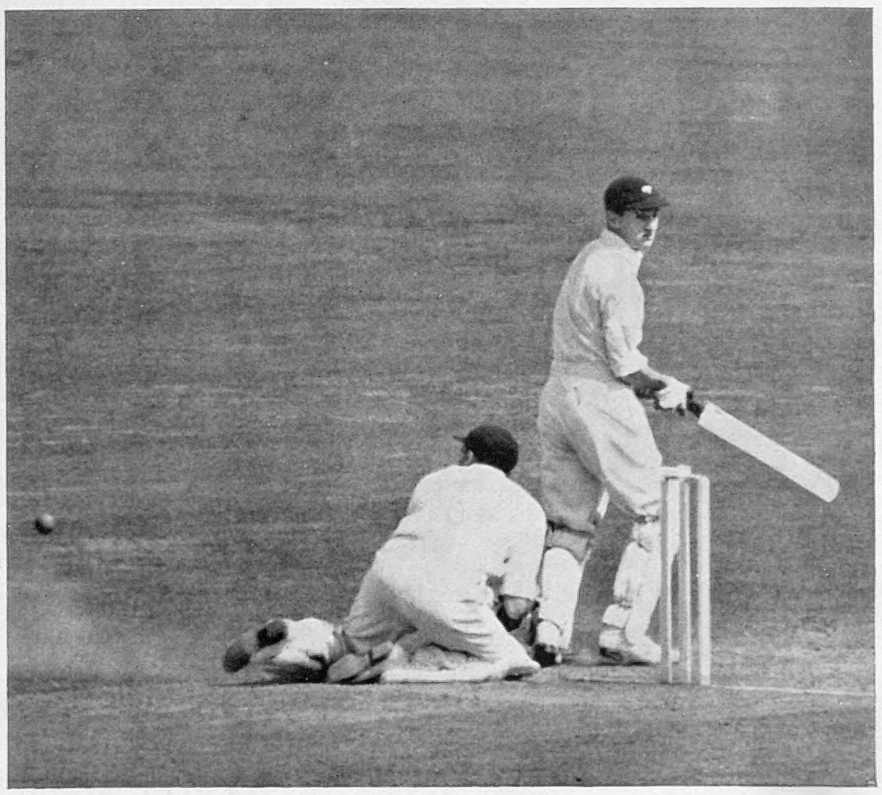
With Hutton and Lowson playing confidently, with no wickets down and 50 runs on the board out of 164 needed for victory, it seemed at round about three o'clock last Saturday that England was well set for an easy victory in the fifth and last Test match against the South Africans. The vast crowd at the Oval watched with enthusiasm, but with no sense of deep excitement. Suddenly the game changed right round. Hutton was out for obstruction, a decision that has had no counterpart since 1901, when Whiteside was dismissed for obstruction when playing for Leicestershire against Lancashire. After the Hutton incident England seemed to go to pieces. The redoubtable May was caught in the leg trap the very next ball. England at tea were 98 for four and heading for trouble, it seemed. Rowan, spinning the ball sharply, was taking on a new menace. But there still remained Freddie Brown, and the English skipper, smiting about him with a will, as he did so often in Australia last year, brought England through the crisis with 40 vitally needed runs. When Brown left at 151 for 6, only a few runs were needed for victory, and appropriately enough they were scored by the brilliant Jim Laker, whose bowling had been one of the features of the match. So ended the fifth and last Test.



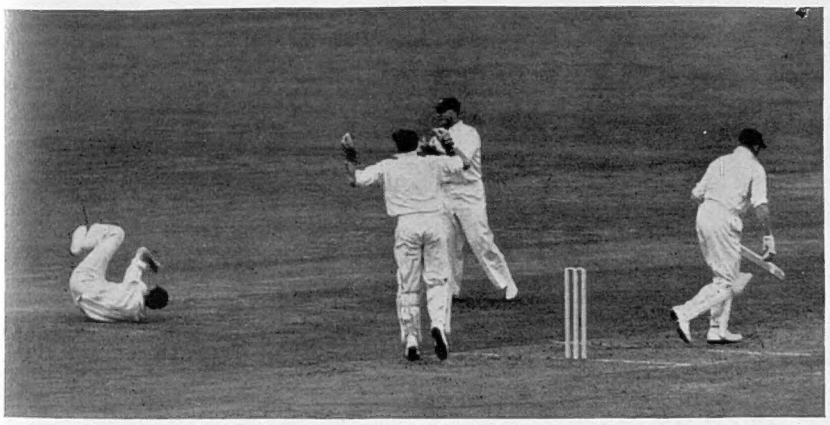
THE MAN OF MANY LIVES: E. A. B. Rowan, who on the previous evening had been missed in the field three times, seen sweeping Laker to leg as he continued his innings on the third and last day of the Fifth Test Match, which ended in an English victory by four wickets. From left to right are Hutton, Brown, the English captain, Tattersall and Brennan.



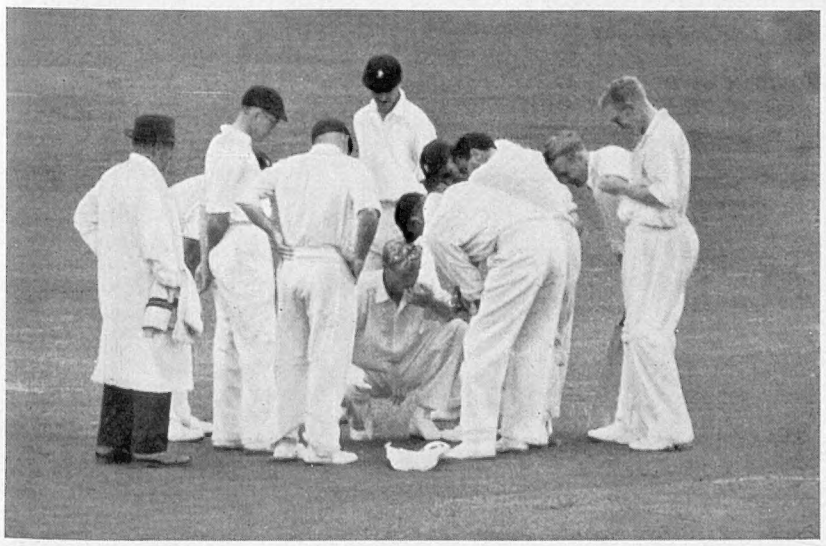
A DISASTER FOR ENGLAND: May, possibly the most promising newcomer to English cricket in recent years, is out first ball in England's second innings at a moment when runs are badly needed. May returned an easy catch to E. Rowan, who is seen in mid-wicket firmly grasping the ball in both hands.

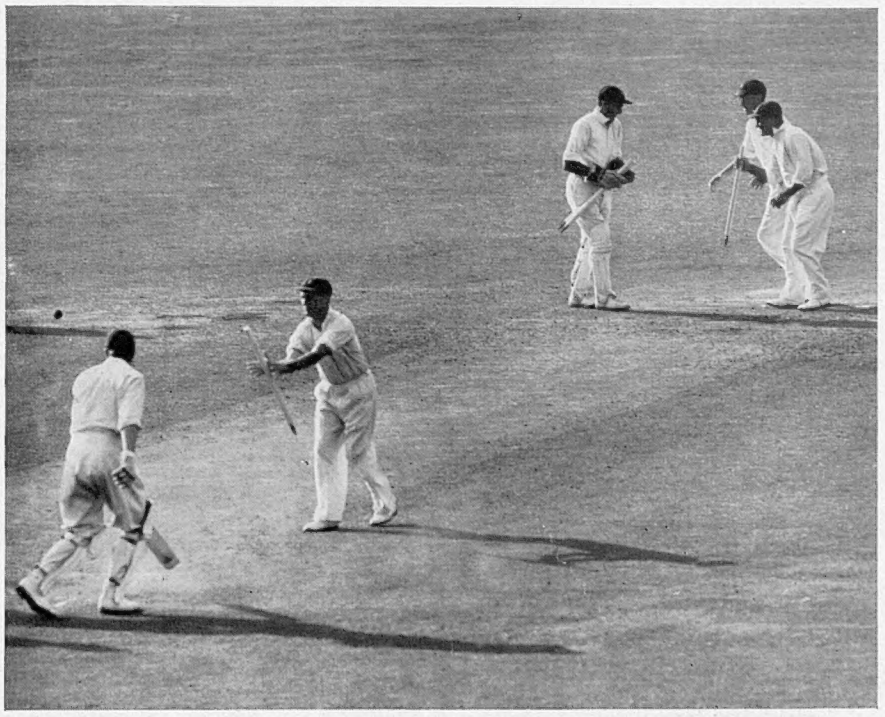


THE INCIDENT THAT SET THE CRICKET WORLD HUNTING BACK THROUGH THE RECORD BOOKS: Hutton attempted a sweep to leg and misjudged his stroke. The ball jumped from the top of his bat, and, if Hutton had remained still, wicket-keeper Endean might have caught it. But Hutton took a second hit at the ball, and as a result was given out for obstructing the field. The last such incident in first class cricket took place fifty years ago.



THE MAN WHO SAW ENGLAND THROUGH TO VICTORY: Freddie Brown, caught by Ryneveld off A. Rowan after making only one run in England's first innings. In the second innings Brown was top scorer for his side with an aggressive innings of forty, in which he chanced his arm and saved his side.

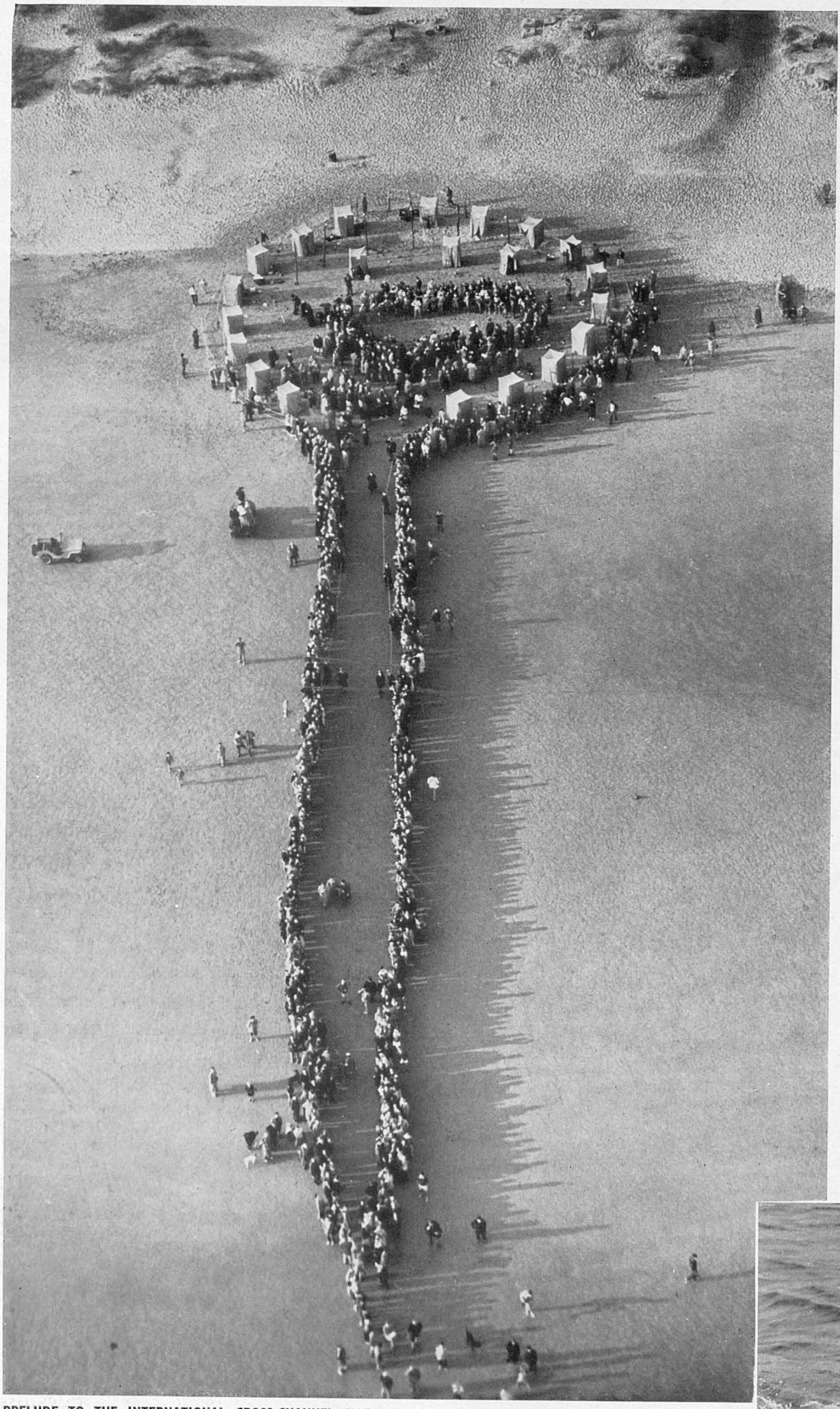




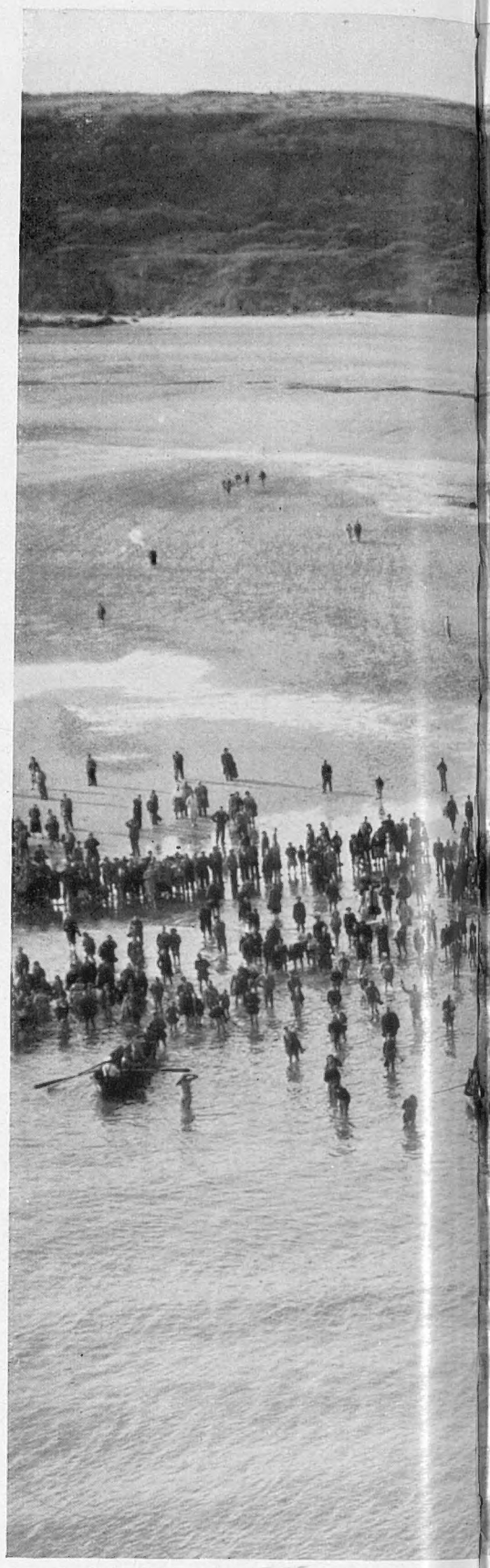
COMPTON IN TROUBLE AGAIN, AND THE END OF A PERFECT DAY: *Left*—The South African players crowding round after the English batsman had been hit on the knee by Cuan McCarthy's fast bowling. It was not, however, the same knee as that which gave Compton so much trouble last season. *Right*—The race for the stumps at the close of the match and the close of the 1951 Test series between England and South Africa. England emerged clear winners of the series by three matches to one.

EIGHTEEN FINISH THE MASS CHANNEL SWIM

All But Two of the Competitors Complete the Journey from Cap Gris-Nez to the English Coast, and an Egyptian Again Wins the First Prize



PRELUDE TO THE INTERNATIONAL CROSS-CHANNEL SWIMMING RACE: This air view shows the scene on the French coast near Cap Gris-Nez as the twenty entrants for the contest were greased in the circle of huts before walking down to the water's edge through a double line of spectators. Thirteen men and seven women took part and this year all but two got across the Channel to the English coast.



THE COMPETITORS, GREASED AND EQUIPPED WITH GOGGLES, WADE INTO THE SEA WATCHED BY A BIG CROWD ON THE BEACH NEAR CAP GRIS-NEZ: The race started at 7.30 a.m., the competitors being accompanied by more than sixty launches and rowing boats. For nearly thirteen hours they battled through fast-running spring tides.

BRENDA FISHER, THE FIRST WOMAN TO REACH THE ENGLISH COAST IN THE BIG RACE: Miss Fisher receives £1,000 and a Festival Cup, as also does Mareeh Hassan Hamad, the Egyptian, who was the first man to land. Brenda Fisher is the daughter of a Grimsby trawler skipper. It was her first Channel attempt, and she returned the fast time of 12 hours 43 mins.

Seventy-six years ago Matthew Webb swam the English Channel from Dover to Calais in 21¾ hours. Now the Channel crossing is made *en masse*, and for the second year in succession the international race has produced a whole crop of successes and a thrilling finish. Last year the Frenchman Roger Le Morvan battled out the last mile in close company with the Egyptian Hassan Abd el Rehim, and in the end had to concede defeat. This year, swimming at the head of a separate group away to the eastward, Le Morvan was again concerned in a close finish and again had to admit defeat, this time to another Egyptian, Mareeh Hassan Hamad. The winner and runner-up were in the water only just over twelve hours. The unluckiest contestant was Eileen Fenton of Dewsbury, last year's winner of the £1,000 prize for women. This year a black-out forced her to give up when she was in sight of Dover Harbour. Perhaps the pluckiest contestant was fifty-five-year-old Ned Barnie, a Scot, who was the last man to land, but climbed ashore jovial and fit. Only eighteen days previously he had crossed the Channel in the reverse direction.

THE VICTORIOUS EGYPTIAN: Mareeh Hassan Hamad, winner of the Festival race, struggling painfully ashore at Shakespeare Cliff, Dover, when he learnt that in a photo finish he was the winner of the race by one minute, beating the Frenchman Roger Le Morvan, who was also the runner-up in 1950. Another Egyptian, Hassan Abd El Rehim, who was last year's winner, was third on this occasion.

THE RUNNER-UP COLLAPSES ON THE BEACH IN ST. MARGARET'S BAY, DOVER: The Frenchman being applauded by the crowd as he just managed to gain the shore. Knowing that it was a matter of seconds, Le Morvan fought out a storming finish, and was only just beaten. For the second year Le Morvan had been second to an Egyptian, and he declared after the race: "I shall not try again."

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL'S HOME IN THE GARDEN OF ENGLAND : Visitors in the grounds of Chartwell Manor, which one day will belong to the nation through the National Trust. The grounds were opened to the public recently under the National Gardens Scheme. One of this year's holiday visitors to Chartwell Manor was Miss Margaret Truman, the daughter of the American President, who spent a day there with Britain's wartime Premier in the course of her European tour.

CHURCHILL'S CHARTWELL

MR. CHURCHILL'S HOME IN KENT IS OPENED TO THE PUBLIC UNDER THE NATIONAL GARDENS SCHEME

It was in 1922 that Chartwell, the 80-acre estate near Westerham, Kent, became the country home of Mr. Winston Churchill. In the Manor House Mr. Churchill built a studio for the pursuit of his hobby of painting, and in the grounds he has practised that other hobby of his, bricklaying. In 1946 a group of friends bought the house and estate with a view to presenting them to the National Trust after Mr. Churchill's lifetime. In 1950 the house was opened to the public to benefit the funds of the Y.W.C.A., and once again it is open this year, under the National Gardens Scheme. Also at Westerham is the National Trust property Quebec House, at one time the home of Wolfe.

THE SPACIOUS LAWNS AND THE ROSE GARDEN OF CHARTWELL : Two more views of the grounds which have been looking their best in these late August days. The grounds were opened shortly after the Parliamentary recess and Mr. Churchill's departure for a holiday in France.

TAKING THE PLUNGE

BRITAIN'S NEW AIRSHIP DOES IT BY ACCIDENT, BRITAIN'S AIR TRAINEES BY DESIGN

BRITAIN'S LATEST AIRSHIP HAS A MISHAP: ***On left*** **and** ***right*****—Two views of the new non-rigid airship *Bournemouth*, built for the Bournemouth Festival of Britain celebrations, after she had crashed last week on the roof of the gymnasium at the R.A.F. balloon depot at Cardington, Bedfordshire. Aboard the airship were Lord Ventry, head of the Airship Club of Great Britain, Squadron-Leader York-Moor, the pilot, and two others. They had to climb down from the gymnasium by a 50-ft. ladder.**

In relating his experiences in the airship crash at Cardington, Lord Ventry declared: "We made a perfectly ordinary flight, but as we were coming in to land one of the handling guy ropes caught on the catwalk of the gymnasium building and there we sat, just like a broody hen. It was a chance in a million. The landing crew who were waiting for us to come in about 200 yards away, saw our plight and climbed up to the roof and floated us free. We deflated the airship because of the danger of a number of power cables in the vicinity. When we came down on the roof we dared not try to get out of the car because the airship might have gone up pilotless. In the end I had to climb down a 50-ft. ladder from the roof. That scared me more than the mishap."

It was only a month ago that the *Bournemouth* made her maiden flight, when she was airborne with a crew of four, which included a survivor from the ill-fated R 101. Lord Ventry, who weighs 17 stone, was not a passenger on that occasion. The *Bournemouth* was begun in 1949. Its envelope is 108 ft. long, with a capacity of 45,000 cub. ft. The car has a steel-tube frame and is covered with alloy sheet. The engine, a 76-h.p. British Salmson driving a four-bladed airscrew, is at the rear of the car. In last week's accident one of the *Bournemouth's* gondola panels was ripped and a propeller damaged. "We can be in the air again in a week," said Lord Ventry.

AT THE R.A.F.'S PARACHUTE TRAINING SCHOOL AT ABINGDON: A trainee leaving a Hastings aircraft over the dropping zone. Two other trainees are seen in mid-air after taking the plunge. *On right*—The moment of departure from the plane. The trainee is seen holding a kitbag. He is making a drop of 700 ft. Below him stretches a vast area of open field offering the very safest of landings.

***On left*—**
AN AIR PUPIL TAKES ANOTHER KIND OF PLUNGE: With his rubber dinghy, which he inflates in the water, is R. Morgan, of Rhymney, Mon., one of forty-eight pupils attending a thirty-weeks course at the first navigation training school established by the Royal Air Force at Hamble, Southampton. The school is one of several set up to assist the regular training schools with the training of National Servicemen.

RANGING THE CONTINENTS FOR HEADLINED NEWS

A SURVEY OF EVENTS IN PICTURES

AFTER A WINTER OF STORM AND DISASTER IN WHICH AVALANCHES CREATED HAVOC IN THE CANTONS, SUMMER FLOODS BRING RENEWED PROBLEMS TO THE SORELY-TRIED SWISS PEOPLE: *Left*—The railway bridge at Samedan, in the Upper Engadine, which was broken down by floodwaters which rushed along the valleys after days of constant rain. The line provided a link between Ponte and St. Moritz. *Right*—Workers clearing the Gotthard line blocked by debris dropped by the floodwaters near Osogno. The floods were at their worst on the north-eastern shores of Lake Como, and the damage to property there has been estimated at £250,000. At Gera Lario, where twenty villagers were missing, a mass of logs carried downstream by the San Vincenzo torrent acted as a dam. Later the pent-up waters broke through.

A SUMMER FESTIVAL IN BRUSSELS: The annual ceremony of planting the Meyboom tree took place for the 643rd time when the Companions of the St. Laurent Society set up the 24-ft. tree in Marais Street, Brussels. The Society was founded in 1311, but exactly how the planting ceremony came into being is more or less shrouded in legend. There is an affinity with certain English customs, notably in the appearance of the hobby-horses which accompany the tree in the procession to the place of planting.

THE GENDARMES ON THEIR HOBBY-HORSES ARRIVE AT THE SPOT WHERE THE MEYBOOM TREE IS TO BE PLANTED: The hobby-horses take the lead in this Brussels procession organised by the Companions of St. Laurent.

MARSHAL TITO RECEIVES A POLITICIAN FROM THE NEW WORLD: The Yugoslavian leader seen with Senator Blair Moody (right), who flew to Yugoslavia to visit him at his summer residence on the island of Brioni. Tito told Moody that, in his opinion, next year will be "the period of greatest danger" for the peace of the world. He urged that the United States make additional military equipment available to him as soon as possible. Tito said that, although Russia fears the United States, there is a real danger that Stalin may miscalculate and precipitate a war by some action which was intended only to bring local pressure to bear.

CROSSING THE HANTAN RIVER ON KOREA'S WESTERN FRONT: Armoured vehicles and a truck on the high-level bridge. In the foreground debris washed downstream covers the girders of a bombed-out section of a highway bridge which ran parallel with that seen in the background. At the time of writing, and as the Kaesong talks proceed, the fighting has been on a reduced scale, but there have been intensive infantry duels in the area of the so-called punch-bowl north of the Inje.

A PROTEST AGAINST THE HIGH BAIL SET ON ARRESTED COMMUNISTS IN AMERICA: Walking behind her three children, Mrs. Bea Steinberg, wife of one of twelve arrested Communists, demonstates in Los Angeles against the high bail imposed on the arrested men. Some 500 left-wingers took part in this protest organised by members of the Civil Rights Congress.

M. PLEVEN, THE NEW FRENCH PREMIER, WITH THE FIFTEENTH POST-WAR CABINET: Thirty-three days after the fourteenth post-war French Cabinet went out of office M. Rene Pleven, of the Democratic and Socialist Resistance Union, finally managed, on August 11, to present a new Cabinet to President Vincent Auriol. Here the new leaders are shown, with the President, on the steps of the Elysée Palace in Paris. In the front row are (left to right) Jean Letourneau, Minister for Associated States; Georges Bidault, the Minister of Defence; Henri Queuille, Minister of State; the President, M. Vincent Auriol; the Prime Minister, Rene Pleven; Rene Mayer, Finance Minister; Andre Marie, Education Minister; and Charles Brune, Minister for the Interior. Other members of the Cabinet stand in the background, among them Pierre Chevallier (second row, extreme left), the Mayor of Orleans, who has since been murdered. A vote of confidence from the French National Assembly a few weeks ago confirmed M. Pleven as Premier, a success which ended a crisis that had existed since M. Queuille's resignation last month. In the vote of confidence M. Pleven obtained 391 votes as against 102. Members of General de Gaulle's French People's Rally abstained, and only the Communists and their supporters voted against him.

THE BATTLESHIP U.S.S. "MISSOURI" VISITS NEW YORK: A line of tugboats, with their fender-covered noses planted firmly on the big ship's side, push the U.S.S. *Missouri* into her berth on New York's North River. The *Missouri* was paying the city her first visit since returning from Korean waters and was accompanied by four destroyers. She played a very important role bombarding shore installations in the naval operations off Korea. The battleship, one of the Iowa class, was completed in 1944. She displaces 45,000 tons and carries three aircraft and a complement of 3,000.

***On left*—EUROPE'S FIRST "CAT-CRACKER" IS COMPLETED:** A view of the first modern-type catalytic cracking unit to be constructed in Europe, which has just been completed at the Shell Oil Company's Pernis refinery near Rotterdam, Holland, and which will in the near future come into operation with a capacity of 1,250,000 tons per annum. The "cat-cracker" is an important unit in the achievement of flexibility in refining operations and is able to convert a heavier Diesel-type oil into high-grade petrol.

A NEW EXPLORATION OF A FAMOUS CAVE IN THE PYRENEES: Professor Cosyns (second from right) is the leader of these four speleologists who are examining the Gouffre de la Pierre St. Martin Caves in the Pyrenees. In this picture the explorers are talking things over at the little French village of Licq Atherey, near the Spanish border. Professor Cosyns is the well-known physicist of Brussels University, and companion of Professor Picard. The caves were discovered two years ago and are among the deepest so far recorded. They have never before been fully explored.

TROUBLE SPOTS OF EUROPE AND ASIA

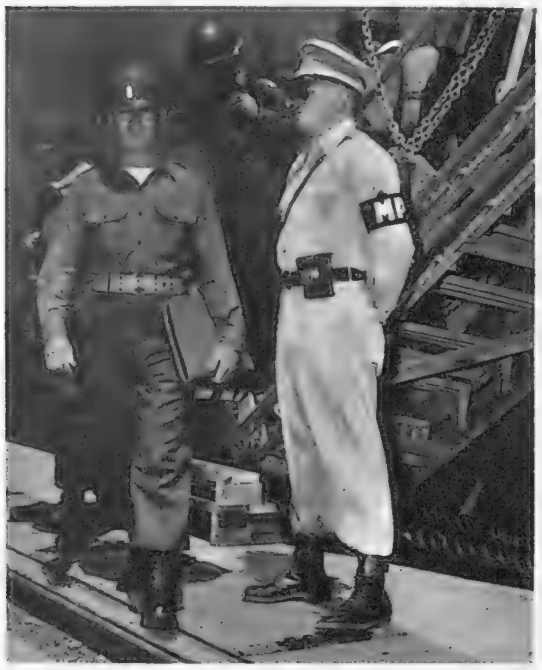
NEWS FROM MALAYA, THE MIDDLE EAST, ITALY, AND GERMANY

The civil strife in Malaya is very far from being over, but signs are not wanting now that the 5,000 or more determined Communists, who, with the aid of Chinese civilians, have been fighting some 44,000 British, Gurkha and Malay troops and about 90,000 Malayan police, are no longer dominant in the peninsula. Until lately the Communist bandits have kept vast areas in a state of panic, attacking rubber plantations here, there and everywhere, perpetrating incidents and outrages and very seldom getting caught. Because of them Malaya has been in a constant state of effervescence, and British prestige, both military and civil, has been at a low ebb. For something like three years the British forces have gone on wearily chasing the bandits, following trails, combing out villages, and even bombing them from the air. With the arrival of Borneo trackers to help the military the troops have met with increased success, but it is now realised that the problem is not basically a military one and the Malayan authorities have begun to tackle it in a new way. Already they are achieving marked successes. They are setting about the elimination of the civilian network of fifth columnists. If they can dislocate this completely the whole of the bandit organisation must collapse. The technique is to remove the Chinese population, the 500,000 or so who seeped into Malaya illegally after the war, and place them in camps. Here they are subject at night to a curfew and kept under rigid surveillance. So far 300,000 of these Chinese have been put in camps, unable to render material assistance to the bandits. This is making the bandits desperate, and they are now fighting in larger and more vulnerable groups. They are, no doubt, beginning to realise the game is up.

ONE SECRET OF ALLIED SUCCESSES IN MALAYA: Mr. Malcolm MacDonald, Commissioner-General for the United Kingdom in South-East Asia, inspecting at Kuala Lumpur some of the tough Iban trackers from Borneo who, attached to the Suffolk Regiment, have been helping in tracking down Communist bandits in Malaya. Their keen sense of smell and their knowledge of jungle tactics have helped to uncover many bandit lairs.

BOYS OF THE BORNEO BRIGADE: Iban trackers at their camp in Kuala Lumpur, where they are attached to the Suffolk Regiment for bandit-hunting duties. The jungle is on the side of the terrorists in this fierce campaign in Malaya, but the Ibans have played a very vital part in probing the jungle secrets for the Malayan security forces.

THE TRAVELS OF THOMAS E. DEWEY: The Governor of New York talking with members of the Canadian Brigade at an airstrip "somewhere in Korea." Mr. Dewey's six-weeks tour of the Far East, which has taken him to Formosa, where he was the guest of Chiang Kai-shek, to Japan, and to the Malayan Peninsula, has been interpreted in some quarters as part of his bid for the Secretaryship of State in the event of a Republican victory in the Presidential elections in the United States, particularly if the successful candidate is General of the Army Eisenhower, the man to whom Dewey has pledged his support. A "draft-Eisenhower" movement is already afoot in Republican circles—notably in the North-Eastern States—and Eisenhower, it seems, has not repudiated it.



THE FIRST UNITED STATES TROOPS ARRIVE AT LEGHORN: The U.S. Navy transport *General R. E. Callan* in charge of a tug as she arrived at the new American supply base on the Italian coast. Out of a total of 1,300 men aboard the vessel 100 were assigned to duties at the Leghorn base and 1,200 proceeded immediately overland to Austria in order to strengthen the American command. Communist threats to promote disorders in Leghorn were frustrated by Italian Government measures, Leghorn being heavily policed at the time of the arrival of the *General R. E. Callan*. *On left*—**THE FIRST AMERICAN OFFICER TO COME ASHORE AT LEGHORN:** Lieutenant Gene Stewart seen disembarking.

EN ROUTE TO THE OIL TROUBLE SPOT, BUT VIA UNTROUBLED WATERS: H.M.S. *Euryalus*, the British cruiser of 5,770 tons, about to pass H.M.S. *Chequers* (leading) and H.M.S. *Chivalrous* near Abadan, where *Euryalus* temporarily took over duty. The first of the British vessels at Abadan during the oil crisis was the cruiser *Mauritius*, since relieved.

On left—**HUSSEIN MAKKI RIDES IN TRIUMPH THROUGH TEHERAN**: Premier Mossadek's henchman, who has been in charge of the Persian nationalisation operations at Abadan, being chaired by enthusiastic citizens on arrival back in the capital, where he came to confer with his Premier. One report of the meeting indicated its emotional nature, Makki, the fiery orator of the oilfields, weeping tears of joy in the presence of his ailing leader who was so overcome that he fainted and had to be revived by injections.

Above—**INDIANS SIGN IN THEIR OWN BLOOD**: Mahant Digvijaynath, General Secretary of the Mahasabha, the extremist Hindu organisation, having blood drawn from his fingers which he used a few moments later in signing a pledge that he would back the Indian Government up to the hilt in resisting foreign aggression. Four thousand men, women and children followed him in signing the pledge, all donating a small measure of their blood for the purpose. Twelve doctors assisted the signatories.

PERHAPS THE GREATEST TROUBLE SPOT OF ALL—A NEW AERIAL VIEW OF THE POTSDAMER PLATZ, BERLIN, SHOWING WHERE THE RUSSIAN, BRITISH AND AMERICAN SECTORS MEET: Round the Potsdamer Platz is a vast acreage of bombed buildings and of space completely cleared by bombing. There were several incidents at this point during the recent Communist Youth Rally in Eastern Berlin, when 150,000 youths streamed into West Berlin, apparently in search of knowledge of the Western democracies and also in search of food, as during the rally they had received a very meagre diet in the East Sector. The Potsdamer Platz is utilised by traffic moving towards the south-west quarters of Berlin. From it run the Leipzigerstrasse and the Potsdamer Strasse.

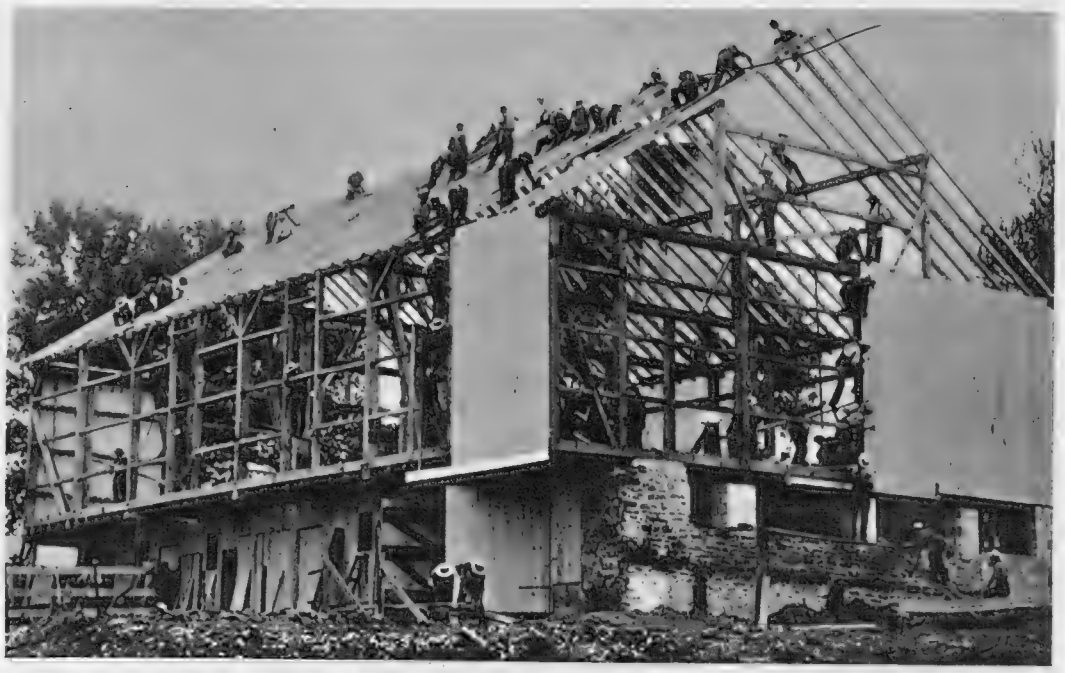
NEWS PICTURES FROM THE NEW WORLD

Crime, Politics, Disasters and an Example of Good-neighbourliness from Across the Atlantic

A "SYDNEY STREET" BATTLE IN THE STREETS OF CHICAGO: Armed with rifles and revolvers, these policemen crouch behind a loaded lorry in a Chicago street during a battle with a former convict who had barricaded himself in an apartment. After using tear-gas bombs the police broke into the barricaded apartment and the gunman was killed in a burst of fire.

CLIMBERS REACH A CRASHED AIR-LINER ON A MOUNTAIN PEAK: A plane carrying twenty-one members of the New Tribes Mission of Chico, in California, crashed into a peak of the Grand Tetons in Wyoming last November, but deep snow prevented climbers reaching the wreck until quite recently. No attempt was made to remove the bodies of the victims; a brief memorial service was held on the spot.

On left—**ANOTHER AMERICAN COMMUNIST IS ARRESTED:** Maurice Braverman, a Baltimore attorney, handcuffed after his arrest, which was connected with the round-up of five Communist leaders in America. According to the Federal Bureau of Investigation, Braverman has never publicly admitted that he is associated with the Communist Party.



THE GOOD NEIGHBOURS OF AMERICA: When Aaron M. Beiler, an American farmer, decided to replace the barn he had lost in a fire, nearly 300 of his friends and neighbours turned up to give him a hand. Here are some of them swarming over the half-finished structure of the new barn. While the men worked, their wives prepared coffee and doughnuts or full meals at regular intervals. Some of the beams used for this barn were so heavy that twenty-five men were needed to lift them.

SEARCHING FOR A BOY WHO DUG A CAVE: He was nine-year-old Douglas Davis, of East Lansing, in Michigan, U.S.A. With two playmates he was digging a cave when the wall collapsed. Throughout the night police and civilians, helped by a bulldozer and a mechanical shovel, shifted tons of earth in their attempt to rescue him. In this picture, police recruits are at work with shovels.

On right—**A JAPANESE TELLS OF RUSSIA'S FORE-KNOWLEDGE OF PEARL HARBOUR:** At a sitting of the Un-American Activities Committee, Mitouada Yoshikawa of Japan (back to camera, right) told the Committee that Russia knew a month in advance that the Japanese intended to bomb Pearl Harbour. In the background (centre) is the Committee's chairman, Francis E. Walter, and in front of him is Frank Tavenner, Chief Counsel of the Committee.

IN THE HARBOUR AT HENNINGSVAER ON A SUNDAY AT THE PEAK OF THE LOFOTEN COD-FISHING SEASON: On Sundays fishing is prohibited, and the harbour is so packed with craft that it is possible to walk right across it from boat to boat. Nowadays about 5,000 boats congregate in the Lofotens at the height of the season, but in 1895 records show that there were over 40,000 fishermen there, operating 9,300 boats. The catch in that phenomenal year amounted to 46,500,000 fish. The larger boats fish by net and the smaller boats fish by line, each line often extending a mile or more and being armed with over 1,000 hooks. Seine nets have been used this year for the first time.

AT WORK ON THE QUAYS OF HENNINGSVAER: Here the fish are opened and cleaned or split entirely open, salted and spread out on the rocks to dry. The heads are dried by fire, pulverised and converted into fish guano. On outlying islands of the Lofoten group the cods' heads are boiled with seaweed and used as fodder for cattle.

THE WORLD'S LARGEST FISHING VILLAGE

HENNINGSVAER, IN THE LOFOTEN ISLANDS, A THRIVING CENTRE OF THE COD-FISHING INDUSTRY WITHIN THE ARCTIC CIRCLE

HENNINGSVAER, the world's biggest fishing village, lies on Ostvaagö, one of the Lofoten Isles, which are a part of Norway. The settlement is a little north of the Arctic circle, near the 68th deg. of latitude. In March, when the cod-fishing season there reaches its peak, the population at Henningsvaer is increased to seven or eight times its normal size. From all over Norway thousands of fishermen, in their little cutters, swarm to the cod harvest, for Henningsvaer is the centre of the cod-fishing industry.

All day and in all weathers cutters and other small craft glide in and out of the busy Henningsvaer harbour. On the quays workers are busy preparing the catches of fish for the market. The cods' heads are cut off and the liver and roe removed. Some of the fish are salted and the livers are transported to factories where the oil is extracted.

During a typically hectic day in the cod-fishing season the quays at Henningsvaer are heaped with fish, and workmen with white-painted wheel-barrows bustle about trying to reduce the piles. There are huge mounds of cods' heads, with children sitting on them cutting out the tongues, which they sell very profitably.

The cod-fishing around the Lofotens—a seasonal event—depends on the breeding habits of the fish.

(*Continued on following page*)

THE SUN IS SHINING AND THE SNOW IS FALLING, A CURIOUS PICTURE FROM THE COD-FISHING GROUNDS OF THE VESTFJORD, WHERE THE LOFOTEN CUTTERS PUT DOWN THEIR NETS : The fishermen go out in all weathers to the fishing-grounds, for the season is short, lasting approximately from mid-January to mid-April. It is at that time that the cod come from the depths of the Atlantic to spawn on the coast between Aalesund and Tromso. The fishing banks round which they swarm lie at a depth of 30 to 110 fathoms. In all, there are about thirty-six fishing banks in the Lofotens.

THE WORLD'S LARGEST FISHING VILLAGE

THE LOFOTEN FLEETS GO OUT FROM HENNINGSVAER TO HARVEST THE COD

(*Continued from previous page*)

Leaving their Arctic feeding-grounds the cod gather to spawn in the shallows around the islands, where conditions of sea and temperature are ideal for the purpose.

During their breeding the great shoals of cod are concentrated in a relatively small area and because of this and the great number of men and ships involved, police boats constantly patrol the area to enforce the many laws it has been necessary to introduce. There are different zones of the sea restricted to various kinds of fishing gear, that is to say, net and line. Fishing must begin and cease at prescribed times every day.

Seine nets have been used this year for the first time in the Lofotens. Previously their use was prohibited because of the great amount of sea-room they need. It was thought that in fishing grounds already so crowded it would be difficult to use them, but, on the contrary, they have proved very successful.

Besides the men who do the actual fishing the cod season attracts many other workers. There are those who are engaged in the handling and the various kinds of processing of the fish. Thousands of cod have to be salted, hung, iced or filleted.

On shore the fish are opened (" opvirket ") and cleaned or split entirely open (" Klipfisk " or " Klepfisk " from " klippet," split open), salted and spread out on the rocks to dry. They are then collected in heaps under small round wooden covers, known as " hats," or are tied tail to tail and hung on wooden frames. They hang until June and are then mostly dispatched to the mainland. The heads are dried by fire, pulverised and converted into fish-guano.

Most of the fishermen sleep in temporary huts (" Rorboder ") erected for them. In the middle is the fireplace, where they cook their " Supamola " and " Okjysta." Each crew is called a " Lag," who choose their own " Hovedsmand " or captain. The proceedings are usually orderly and peaceable, especially as spirits are not procurable.

During the last few years the Lofoten cod season has become a great tourist attraction, and Norwegian travelling agencies are arranging tours for visitors from many parts of the world.

The Lofoten Islands, the scene of such concentrated energy for a few months in each year, leapt into world prominence exactly ten years ago when British commandos and Norwegian marines landed on Ostvaagö, from light units of the Royal Navy. It was in this raid that invasion barges were used for the first time by the British. A more extensive raid by British and Norwegian units took place on December 29, 1941, when the Allies remained in control for three days and destroyed a great deal of German equipment. In particular, they destroyed the plant used by the Germans for the production of fish oil.

A number of men from the Lofotens who came to Britain with the returning commandos later served with distinction in the Allied forces.

THE NET IS CLOSING IN AND THE FISH ARE SEEN PACKED TOGETHER BEFORE BEING BROUGHT UP INTO THE CUTTER : This is a truly magnificent sight for the fishermen, who have no fixed wage, depending entirely on their percentage of the catch. A catch of 300 to 400 cod for a net boat or 200 for a line boat is considered a good day's work.

PART OF THE FLEET WHICH PUTS OUT TO SEA FROM THE VILLAGE OF HENNINGSVAER: The boats are not allowed to leave for the fishing-grounds until 6 a.m., this being one of the many regulations set up for the proper conduct of the fishery. Fishing not only begins and ends at prescribed times, but there are zones laid down for the various types of fishing.

THE CIRCLE OF THE PURSE SEINE IS NARROWING: Fishermen are drawing in the net and already they can see, imprisoned within the mesh, the threshing fins of the cod. In the background are the snow-covered mountains, part of the mountain chain which runs along the Lofotens like the backbone of a gigantic prehistoric animal.

THE CUTTERS FORGATHER AT A SELECTED FISHING-GROUND IN THE VESTFJORD: Sometimes they are even more closely packed than this. During fishing the boats keep their mizzen sails up, as these act as a steadying influence.

THE END OF A DAY'S LABOUR IN THE LOFOTEN FISHERIES: *Left*—Workers at Henningsvaer on their way to hang the cod, which will be dried by the wind and sun. *Right*—Two cutters returning to Henningsvaer, heavily laden with fish. Strong tidal currents run through these narrow straits and the fishing is often marked by lamentable loss of life. When a westerly gale springs up, the boats cannot always get back to Henningsvaer and are driven across the Vestfjord towards the mainland.

THE PROGRESS OF CONSTRUCTION ON ONE OF THE TRAFFIC TUNNELS: This is a general view of the work on one of the new tunnels which will run under London Airport. When completed this tunnel will carry four-way traffic from the central terminal buildings, in the centre of the runways, to the main London-Bath road. It will then be the only means of communication between the terminal buildings which have yet to be erected, and the surrounding area.

The New Traffic Tunnel at LONDON AIRPORT

London Airport, already one of the largest in the world, continues to expand. The great triangular system of runways, large enough to land aircraft of the Brabazon size, has been completed and work on the traffic tunnels is proceeding satisfactorily.

The tunnels, two-fifths of a mile long, will handle pedestrian and vehicular traffic from the new terminal buildings, which will rise in the centre of the triangular runways, and will lead to a low-level roundabout at the foot of a ramp road up to the public highway. The first ramp will emerge in a westerly direction at the western end of the existing public enclosure, but there will also be an easterly ramp. From the terminal buildings to the Bath road the total distance will be about 1,200 yards. These main subways will consist of four tubes—two for double lines of traffic in each direction and two containing a cycle track and a pedestrian way. The total width of the tunnels will be 86 ft.

London Airport at Heathrow is only 15 miles from the City and on the western side of the capital, where it is comparatively free from industrial haze and where there is a favourable meteorological record.

ONE OF THE MACHINES USED IN CONSTRUCTING THE NEW TUNNELS: The tunnels will be only 7 ft. 6 ins. below the surface, but vast quantities of earth must be removed in excavating the trenches.

THE FERRO-CONCRETE WALLS OF THE NEW TUNNEL: It will lead from the central terminal buildings, which will be in the centre of the runways but which are now strung along the northern perimeter of the airport, and will be 3,600 ft. long. The tunnels are being built by what is called the "cut and cover" method. Enormous trenches are dug and the damp-proofed, concrete tunnels are built along the bottom.

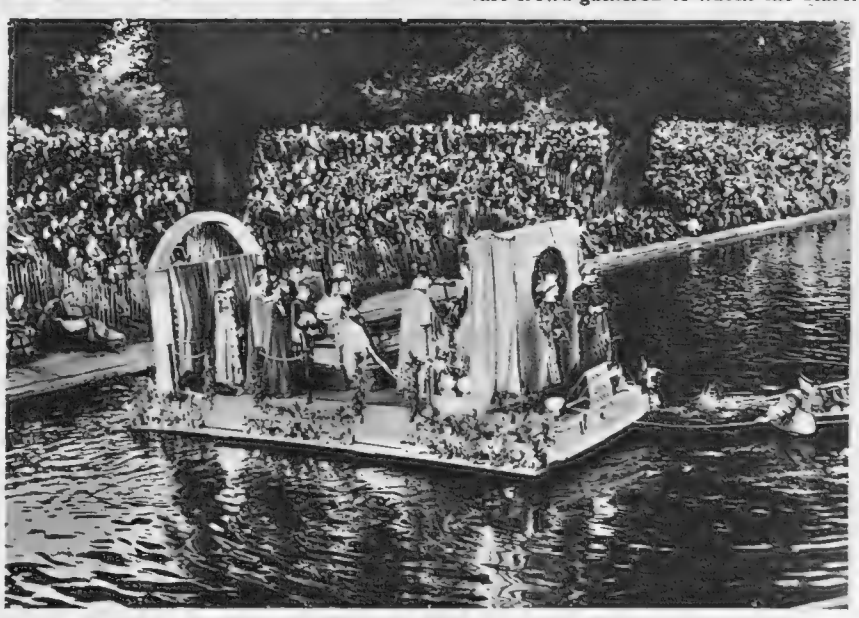
BRIGHTON RECAPTURES THE REGENCY SPIRIT: The old-time cricket match between Brighton Level and Hove Brunswick being played on Brunswick Lawns last week, when it attracted a big crowd of residents and holidaymakers. It was only one of the many events in the Regency Festival which has continued from July 16 and concludes this week-end. The focal point of the festival has been the Royal Pavilion, which has been furnished and equipped with the authentic things of Regency days. The Royal Family lent treasures to this exhibition, and visitors were able to see the Prince Regent's kitchen, with all its equipment, and the banqueting room, with its period furniture, its magnificent gold plate and table equipment, reproducing as nearly as possible the scene of King George IV's banquet for twenty-four guests given in 1824. Another important event during the Regency Festival was the world premiere of Cecil Beaton's play *The Gainsborough Girls*, which was presented with success at the Theatre Royal, Brighton.

PAGEANTRY and SPECTACLE

England at Play in the Midst of the August Holidays

On left—

THEY 'RE OFF—AND THE AIR IS FILLED WITH THE WHIRRING WINGS OF 5,000 PIGEONS: The birds seen at the moment of their release in the Grand Vista at Battersea Pleasure Gardens as they set out on a race home to Blankenberghe, Belgium, a flight of about 120 miles. The baskets are lined up on the left of the lawn. A vast crowd gathered to watch the start.



FLOATING TABLEAUX IN THE ANNUAL VENETIAN CARNIVAL ON THE ROYAL MILITARY CANAL AT HYTHE, KENT: *Left*—Boadicea driving her chariot. *Right*—The coronation of Queen Victoria. In this Festival year the carnival at Hythe was on a more elaborate scale than ever before. The floats were moved along by rowing-boats.

THE CELEBRATED ABBEY CHURCH OF IONA SET AGAINST THE BACKGROUND OF THE HILLS OF MULL : The eighth Duke of Argyll presented the ruins of Iona Cathedral to the Church of Scotland and, partly restored, the Cathedral was reopened in 1905. Here, where St. Columba first laid foundations at the dawn of the Christian era in Britain, the restoration of the monastery round the Cathedral now continues, the work going ahead under the superintendence of the island's evangelist, Dr. George Macleod, formerly a pastor in the Glasgow slums. On the right of this picture are seen the ruins of St. Oran's Chapel, believed to be the oldest of Iona's medieval remains.

IONA RECEIVES THE WORLD'S HOMAGE

THOUSANDS REVISIT THE HEBRIDEAN ISLE, THE CRADLE OF OUR FAITH

" That man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona."

THUS wrote Dr. Johnson of an Isle that belongs not merely to all Christendom, but to all mankind. The lover of Iona and of all things associated with the Old Celtic Church would readily concede that his journey to the Western Isles, now nigh two centuries ago, had been worth while, had it evoked from so critical a Saxon nothing more than this sublime passage.

Upon no isle in the world has so much homage been bestowed. Its power has bound men in every Christian country, and even in heathen lands. Kings, princes, prelates and chiefs have been carried thither at their latter end to lie where, in the heyday of the Old Celtic Church, the earth was consecrated by St. Columba so long ago. Tombstones sculptured in ancient days mark their final resting-place in the precincts of St. Mary's Cathedral.

Nearly fourteen centuries ago Columba, then forty-two, landed on Iona at a spot known ever since as the Haven of the Coracle. Accompanied by twelve of his brethren, he had sailed over from Derry in a frail coracle, " desiring to seek a foreign country for the sake of Christ," as Adamnan, his biographer, tells us. Tradition has it that Columba, searching for an isle from which his beloved Erin might not be visible, rejoiced on discovering Iona, raised this cairn to commemorate the island's suitability for his purpose, and buried near the beach where he had landed the coracle for which he and his fellow-missionaries were now to find no further use. They had come to stay on Iona.

Ever since Columban days, men on pilgrimage have travelled the continents and the seas to reach Iona, Columba's Isle. In olden times they came, as do so many even at the present day, by the Pilgrims' Way. They crossed the Sound of Mull from the mainland of Argyll to land at Salen, whence they traversed on foot the many arduous miles that eventually brought them to Fionaphort, at the seaward extremity of the rocky Ross of Mull. Less than a mile beyond, and on the opposite side of the Sound of Iona, lay the island of their quest. The ferry plying between Fionaphort and Iona must be one of the oldest in Britain. It has operated without intermission since Columban times. To-day, during the summer and autumn months, many thousands use it to reach and leave Iona.

A readier way to this alluring isle, however, is provided by MacBrayne's motor-ship, *King George V.* Every lawful day between the beginning of June and the end of September, this splendid craft, sailing from Oban, drops anchor in the colourful Sound of Iona. Her passengers are then transferred by speedy ferry-boats to the jetty in the Martyrs' Bay, just by Iona's village, and are allowed roughly two hours ashore—sufficient time to enable even those who move tardily to visit, in comfort and with composure, the island's historic monuments.

The island attains, from north to south, its maximum length of a little more than three miles. Its greatest breadth is about a mile and a half. Its area is roughly 2,000 acres, only a fourth of which is under

THE T.S.S. " KING GEORGE V " (WHICH SAW SERVICE AT DUNKIRK) SEEN LYING OFF-SHORE NEAR THE IONA PIER : This Clyde steamer, which has lately been converted from coal to oil-burning, conducts the pleasure sailings from Oban to Staffa, Iona and Fort William. At Iona passengers are transferred from the *King George V* to the quay by ferry-boats. *On right*—St. Martin's Cross, a magnificent example of tenth-century craftsmanship on Iona.

IONA VILLAGE, WITH CLOUD-CAPPED BEN MORE, IN MULL, SEEN BEYOND THE SOUND OF IONA: For centuries pilgrims have come to Iona, St. Columba's Isle, to see this place where the Irish saint of high descent, who was born in Donegal in the sixth century, set up his monastery and with twelve disciples to help him began his great work.

cultivation. Toward the northern end it reaches, in Dun I, its greatest height at 332 ft., where stands the little cairn erected in 1897 to commemorate the thirteenth centenary of Columba's death.

Hillocks, ridges and rocky knobs, running for the most part in the direction of the island's main axis, produce a topography of great variety, supplying in miniature several aspects of Highland mountain scenery. About its southern uplands lie those rocky protuberances which, in Fiona MacLeod's words, "wade in heather, and upon whose brows the sea-wind waves the yellow lichen."

Iona's northern, southern and western shores are characterised by cliffs, rocky promontories, islets and skerries. Its eastern shore is comparatively regular, as well as being more sheltered. Innumerable islets and half-submerged reefs, lying at no distance offshore, do much to protect the island's coast from the full fury of the Atlantic swell.

Iona is essentially a pastoral isle—an isle of small farms and little crofts. The census of 1951 showed a population of about 200. In the early years of the nineteenth century it exceeded 400. During the holiday season the population is considerably augmented by those who have come to Iona repeatedly, year after year, and whose parents, and even grandparents, holidayed there before them. A vacant bed is often scarcer than gold on Iona, for one is never able to resist the attraction of this isle, never able to free oneself from its spell. Its open pastures are like emerald velvet and the sheep-tracks intersecting them allure one from all sense of time and urgency.

Iona's ecclesiological monuments—some of them in ruins; many of them restored or in course of restoration—are among the medieval glories of Scotland. They include the Cathedral or Abbey Church, the monastic buildings associated with it, the Nunnery, St. Oran's Chapel, several fine stone crosses, and the ancient burying-place known as the Reilig Odhrain, where the kings and the chiefs lie. The Abbey, dedicated to the Virgin Mary, stands on the site of that which Reginald, Lord of the Isles, built about 1203 for the Benedictines. Reginald also founded, in honour of God and Columba, the Benedictine Nunnery, placing in charge of it, as its first prioress, his sister, Beatrice. The Old Celtic Church was now in the final stages of decay. By the end of the twelfth century the Roman order of things had displaced it everywhere, except at Iona, its fountain-head.

The ruins we see to-day at Iona are medieval. In 1899 they were gifted to the Iona Trustees, on behalf of the Church of Scotland, by George, eighth Duke of Argyll. Almost two centuries previously the island, hitherto a possession of the warlike MacLeans, passed into the hands of the wilier Campbells. Between 1902 and 1910 the Trustees restored the Abbey, which long had lain in ruins. It is Norman in architecture, cruciform in plan. From east to west it measures more than 148 ft., and 70 ft. from north to south. It consists, in the main, of a nave, south choir aisle, north and south transepts, crossing and tower, sacristy and cloisters. To the east of the cloisters were the chapter-house and dormitories. The refectory stood at the north end of them. Apart from the east wall of the north transept, which appears to be late Norman, the oldest portions of the building date from the late fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries. On each side of the choir is a recumbent effigy of an abbot—that of John MacKinnon on the north, that of Kenneth MacKenzie on the south. The former effigy, excellently preserved, is dated 1500. MacKinnon became Abbot of Iona about 1490.

In 1923 the remains of the Nunnery were beautifully preserved, in memory of Robina Jarvie Spencer, by her children, who also laid out, in the Cloister Garth, the rock-garden which to-day is perhaps the most colourful

REVERED RUINS OF COLUMBA'S ISLE: *Left*—Flowers growing within the walls of the Nunnery. *Right*—Evening shadows upon the tombs of the Kings in the Reilig Odhrain, the historic enclosure where the valorous and the famous have found a last resting-place, among them Scottish and Irish kings, also some of the great Hebridean chiefs.

scene in Iona. The villagers bestow great esteem upon the Nunnery and voluntarily tend its garden.

A little to the south-west of the cathedral lies that historic and greatly revered enclosure, the Reilig Odhrain, a spot aptly referred to at times as the Westminster Abbey of Scotland. For more than a thousand years, valorous and famous people have found here a last resting-place, among them Scottish and Irish and even Norwegian kings. Here, too, lie buried many of the Hebridean chiefs. Some of the stones marking their graves can still be identified.

Within the Reilig Odhrain is the small, roofless building known as St. Oran's Chapel, believed to be the oldest of Iona's medieval remains. It is roughly 29 ft. by 15 ft., and is thought to be the smaller Church of St. Columba which the saintly Margaret, Malcolm Canmore's queen, restored. If this is so, the original chapel must be very old indeed, since Malcolm and Margaret visited Iona in 1072. Its Norman doorway, so beautifully carved, is probably of a date more recent than the chapel walls.

Older than St. Oran's Chapel by at least a century are some of Iona's stone crosses.

Iona has been much in the public eye in recent years on account of the aspirations and activities of the Iona Community, a Church of Scotland Brotherhood composed both of ministers and of laymen, married and unmarried, who, while continuing in their chosen professions, are seeking the deeper meaning of Christian Community for the problems of the twentieth century. For three months each summer they go to Iona, birthplace of Scottish Christianity, where they engage in a co-operative programme to rebuild the ruined monastery. Believing that the peace of the world can be achieved through new efforts at co-operation, their work together is intended as a "laboratory of living." For the remaining nine months of the year they work at their jobs on the mainland—in industrial centres and in various parishes, seeking to apply their Iona principles to modern situations, and living by an agreed daily discipline of devotion, economic witness and the planning of work.

Under the Community's auspices the work of restoration at Iona proceeds apace. Idealists, who are skilled craftsmen or merely voluntary helpers, are rebuilding the ancient foundation with the generous assistance of well-wishers the world over.

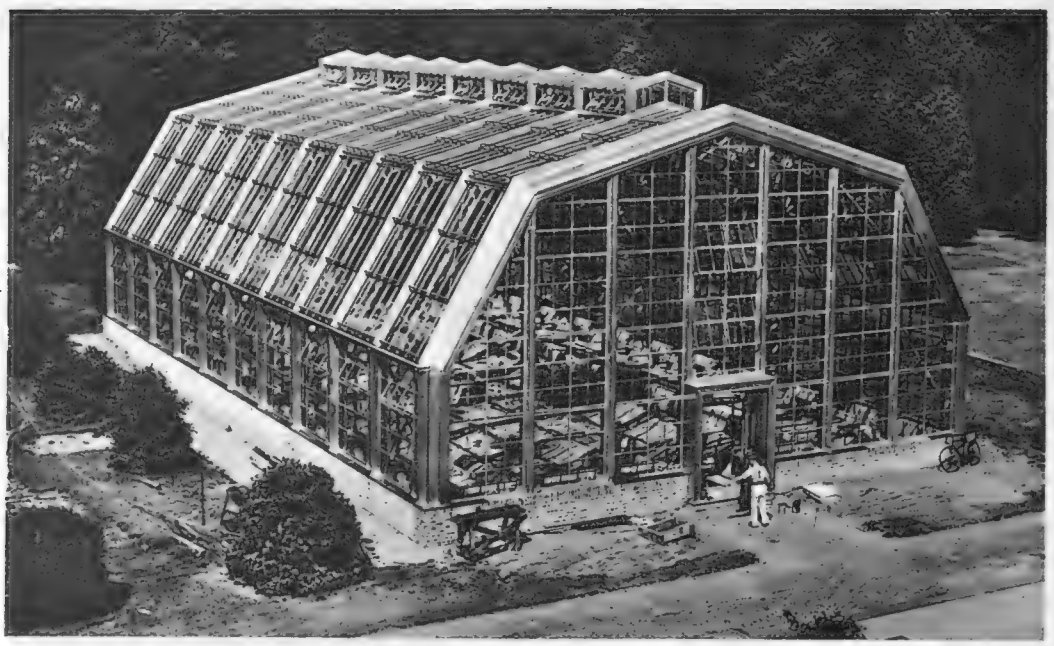
Alasdair Alpin MacGregor

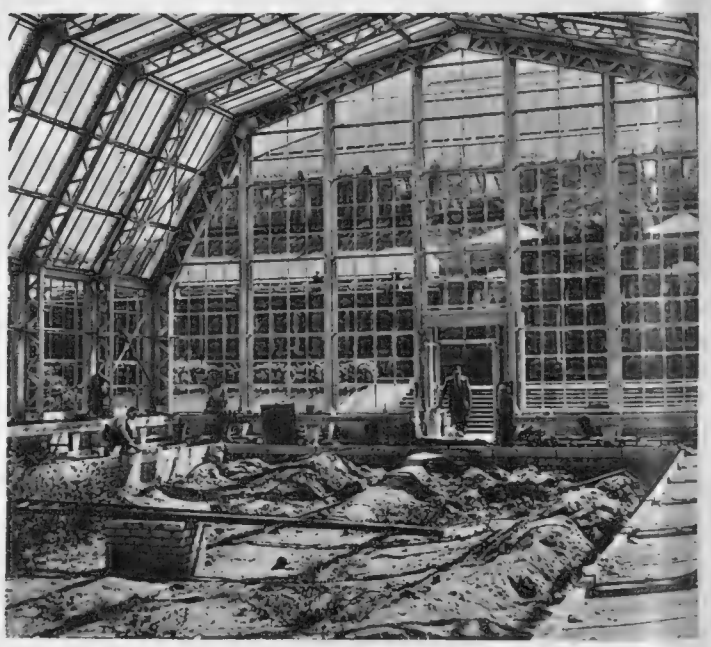
THE TOMB OF ABBOT MACKENZIE FLANKING THE HOLY TABLE IN IONA ABBEY: Mackenzie was Abbot at Iona in 1490. Behind the tomb is the Sedilia, where in ancient days sat the Celebrant and his two assistants.

THE START OF FESTIVAL CRICKET IN THE WEST COUNTRY : Gloucestershire batting in the match against Kent, which opened the Cheltenham Cricket Week, staged in the superb setting of Cheltenham College, some of the buildings of which are seen in the background. The match ended rather tamely in a draw, both sides making declarations in the second innings, but failing to procure a result. County cricket seems to take on a new vitality on this pleasant Gloucestershire ground.

AUGUST in the FESTIVAL YEAR

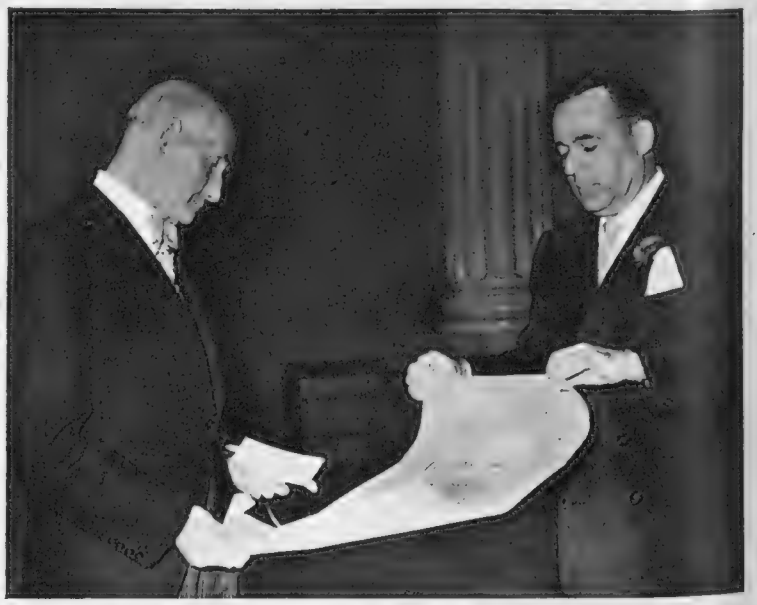
Pictures of Events in London and the Provinces



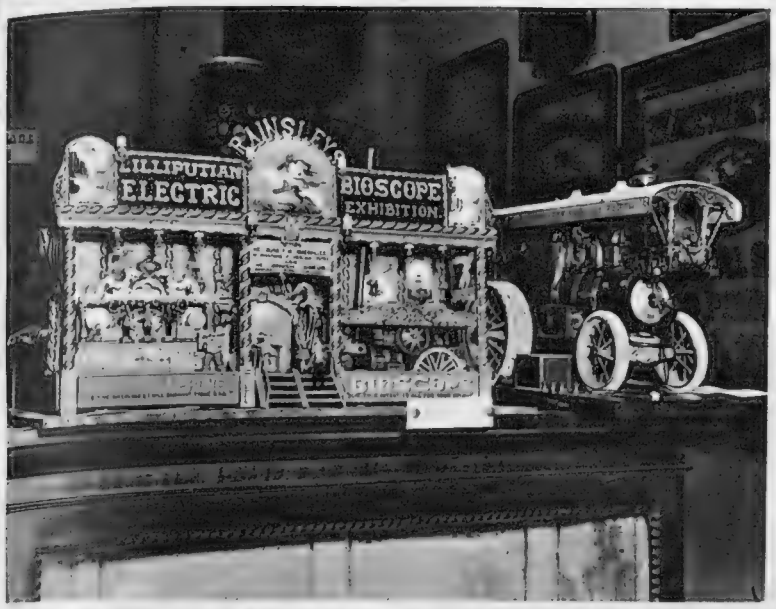


THE NEW AUSTRALIAN HOUSE AT KEW NEARS COMPLETION : *Above*—Workmen putting the finishing touches to the new Australian House at Kew Gardens. The structure is of duralumin and has been glazed. *On right*—A view of the interior, with the Temperate House in the background outside.

AN S O S INTERRUPTS A HOLIDAY-MAKERS' CRUISE IN THE ST. IVES LIFEBOAT : When the St. Ives (Cornwall) lifeboat was taking a party of summer holiday-makers on a Lifeboat Day sea trip an S O S from the 284-ton British vessel *Marinus V* was picked up. The lifeboat hastily made for the shore where, in this picture, it is landing the holiday-makers. It then made for the distressed ship, which was 50 miles north-east of St. Just and about 40 miles from Lundy. The *Marinus V*, bound from Rotterdam with a cargo of cotton, had caught fire. Later, the ship signalled that she was jettisoning cargo and expected to control the fire.



AN AMERICAN SCROLL OF FRIENDSHIP IS PRESENTED AT THE MANSION HOUSE : The Hon. Walter T. Shirley, New York's Commissioner of Commerce, hands a scroll of friendship to Lord Broadbridge, during a ceremony at the Mansion House. Mr. Shirley was representing the Mayor of New York and Lord Broadbridge is acting Lord Mayor of London. The gift is a gesture of friendship to London from New York City.



"THE SMALLEST SHOW ON EARTH": This working steam model of a showman's steam-engine and the Lilliputian Electric Bioscope Exhibition is on show at an exhibition of British popular and traditional art which has the strange title "Black Eyes and Lemonade." The exhibition includes an icing-sugar model of St. Paul's Cathedral. It weighs 37 lb.

A PAVEMENT ARTIST EXHIBITS HIS WORK IN AN ART GALLERY: He is seventy-year-old Mr. George McErnean, and his work is part of the "Black Eyes and Lemonade" exhibition of popular and traditional British art at the Whitechapel Art Gallery. Mr. McErnean has been a pavement artist since 1932 and works outside the British Museum. Above him hangs the striking "Kitchener in his Coffin," the work of Miss M. Willis. Other pieces of interest at this unusual exhibition include ships' figure-heads and a Victorian villa of marble chips.

A MOBILE POLICE-STATION IS TRIED OUT IN HERTFORDSHIRE: Police officers, equipped with portable radios, and Lassie, a police dog, set out on an imaginary man-hunt from a trailer caravan which was being demonstrated as a mobile police-station for use at the scene of large-scale operations. The demonstration was given by the Hertfordshire Constabulary at Hatfield Park, Herts. The mobile police-station is equipped with a three-channel telephone switchboard, a two-way radio for speaking to patrol cars, separate communication with the "walkie-talkie" radios used by individual policemen, and field telephones. The general office has two large windows set low on the side to enable persons standing outside to speak to the officer on duty.

THE WEDDING OF A PHOTOGRAPHER-PEER IN JERSEY: Lord Louth, aged twenty-two, and his bride, Miss Angela Patricia Cullinane, the nineteen-year-old daughter of a plumber, after their wedding at a Roman Catholic church in St. Helier, Jersey. Lord Louth, formerly a beach photographer, now runs a photographic agency.

THE RESTORATION OF NO. 1 LONDON NEARS COMPLETION: Apsley House, home of the first Duke of Wellington, is being restored and is to be opened as a museum next year. This picture shows the house, sometimes known as No. 1 London, encased with scaffolding for the stone-cleaning now in progress. It was at Apsley House that the Iron Duke gave his Waterloo banquets on the anniversaries of the battle. Built in 1771-78 by the Adam brothers for Earl Bathurst, it is being fitted out as a Wellington museum by the Victoria and Albert Museum, and the present Duke has presented a priceless collection of mementoes and trophies.

BRITISH PARACHUTISTS OFF TO YUGOSLAVIA: A team of three flew from London's Northolt Airport last week to represent Britain in the first international parachute jumping competitions at Bled, Yugoslavia. The team, entering their aircraft, are (left to right) Major Willans, England's leading test parachutist, of Denham, Bucks; Mr. Charles Thompson, a twenty-five-year-old student of physical culture, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne; and Mr. John Fricker, of London, captain of the team.

AMONG THE SOFT AND LOVELY HILLS OF QUEENSLAND, AUSTRALIA, SISTER KENNY LIVES IN "RETIREMENT": Here, with her secretary, Miss Betty Brennan, Sister Kenny gathers some flowers to brighten her home. She has retired, she says, but she continues to answer the huge correspondence reaching her from all over the world on the subject of infantile paralysis. In addition, she records lectures for institutes in many countries.

SISTER KENNY IN RETIREMENT

After a Lifetime's Work Saving Thousands of Children from the Deformities Caused by Infantile Paralysis

Sister Kenny, whose system of treatment for infantile paralysis has helped in the cure of many thousands of victims, has retired in Toowoomba, Australia. She said recently that she is suffering from an incurable illness and has "little time left in this world."

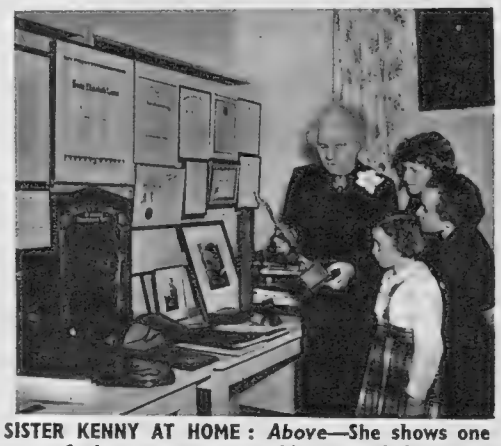
Toowoomba, in Queensland, is the town of Sister Kenny's girlhood. On the outskirts she has a comfortable house where there is a view which, she says, "tugged at my heart-strings for eleven long years while I served and loved the people of America."

She lives a peaceful life these days, surrounded by her many awards and trophies, her memories and her many relatives who still reside in or near the town.

Part of her daily routine consists of recording lectures for institutes in America, England, France, Belgium, Germany, and many other countries of the world. That she and her work are not forgotten is evident from the piles of letters that arrive each morning, bearing the postmarks of many nations. With the help of her secretary, Betty Brennan, Sister Kenny answers every one, saying: "It seems like a personal link with all the friends I've made all over the world."

Though she will still see paralysis sufferers at the request of their doctor, Sister Kenny will not receive any patients at her home. Yet she maintains an active interest in general problems of the disease in Australia. Her days pass serenely. Besides the hours reserved for recordings and correspondence, her hobbies include music, poetry, gardening, and especially children. It is a far cry from the hectic, helter-skelter existence she led in America trying to establish her treatments for infantile paralysis. Nevertheless, she intends to return to the U.S. on a short visit this year to iron out any difficulties that might exist in the Kenny clinics.

THE DAILY BATCH OF LETTERS: They come from all over the world and most of them ask for help and suggestions on the treatment of infantile paralysis.



SISTER KENNY AT HOME: *Above*—She shows one of the numerous trophies awarded to her for her work to some of her grand-nieces. *On right*—At work in the beautiful garden of her house at Toowoomba, in Australia.

SISTER KENNY'S HOUSE IN QUEENSLAND: Though she lives here in retirement she continues her work by answering letters and recording talks on her methods of treatment. Sister Kenny's work started when she was twenty-three. In the Australian bush she found a child suffering with paralysis. She bandaged the child's limbs with strips of blanket dipped in hot water and the child recovered without deformity. She has never claimed an absolute cure, but she has campaigned all over the world for recognition of her treatment.

ROBERTA PETERS AS THE BOHEMIAN GIRL : The twenty-one-year-old American singer from New York's Metropolitan Opera Company made her London debut in the part of Arline, at the Royal Opera House.

THE REVIVAL OF BALFE'S "THE BOHEMIAN GIRL" AT THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE : Sir Thomas Beecham has directed the new production, the first at Covent Garden since 1903. The first performance of Michael William Balfe's opera was in 1843, and it was played regularly in the principal opera houses of Europe until about forty years ago. Sir Thomas Beecham has made a special arrangement of the music, and Dennis Arundell, the producer, a special adaptation of the libretto for the new production, which is being played for nineteen performances, ending on September 1. Liverpool first saw the present revival as part of the city's musical contribution to the Festival of Britain. At the first night in London, Sir Thomas made a speech in which he described the B.B.C.'s offer to him of 20 guineas to broadcast the opera on the Third Programme as "impudent." He went on to say: "If you want a remunerative occupation with nothing whatsoever to do, then go to the B.B.C."

The London Stage

The Bohemian Girl at Covent Garden; Mary Martin Arrives for *South Pacific*; an American Comedy at the Duchess

MARY MARTIN AND HER FAMILY ARRIVE AT LIVERPOOL : The American stage and film star is to play the lead in Drury Lane's next big American musical comedy *South Pacific*, which is due to open on November 1. Miss Martin has already scored a big success with the show on Broadway. With her are her son by a previous marriage, Larry; her nine-year-old daughter Ellen, and her husband and manager, Richard Halliday. They crossed the Atlantic on the *Media* and are making a holiday tour of England, Scotland and Ireland before the rehearsals begin. Miss Martin began her career singing at the Trocadero Night Club in Hollywood. She was quickly established as an actress and vocalist; and made her first film, *The Great Victor Herbert*, in 1939. Since then she has been constantly engaged in musical shows and films.

THE CAPRICIOUS CADAVER : The highly amusing incident in Dalton Trumbo's *The Biggest Thief in Town* at the Duchess Theatre, when Evelyn Roberts, as the supposedly dead millionaire, comes to life in the undertaker's parlour. Left is Hartley Power as the small-town undertaker. Peter Cotes first produced *The Biggest Thief in Town* at the New Boltons Theatre Club in Drayton Gardens, Kensington, and the comedy's success at the Duchess Theatre will no doubt help to support the little theatre in its more serious work. The comedy concerns a small-town undertaker and the money he hopes to make from the disposal of the corpse of a local millionaire. The idea is so skilfully handled by author and producer that it amuses without offending. Its reception in the West End suggests that it may become an established success.

THE RUGGED CLIFFS OF THE CORNISH COAST PROVIDE A NATURAL BACK-CLOTH TO "THE LOVELIEST THEATRE IN EUROPE": This is a scene from the play *Tristan of Cornwall*, which is being performed before large audiences at the Minack Cliff Theatre at Porthcurno, near Penzance, in Cornwall. This open-air theatre is one of the most remarkable in the world and has been called the loveliest in Europe. With its background of steep weather-worn cliffs and the transparent sea stretching away to the horizon, it offers a natural setting for *Tristan of Cornwall*, which is included in the Cornish Festival of Drama.

OUT IN THE OPEN AIR

Some August Activities in Britain

WEEK-END CLIMBERS CONQUER THE CRAGS OF DERBYSHIRE: Throughout Britain during the week-ends young rock-climbing enthusiasts are proving themselves no less daring than the men and women who brave the heights of the Alps and other mountain ranges. These pictures, taken in Derbyshire, show (*above*) young climbers pulling the last of their company to the top of the Catcliffe Tor, and (*on left*) two brothers, W. and H. Ward, of Sheffield, scaling the tricky Pillar Rock, 350 ft. high, on the bend of the Winnats Pass, Castleton, in the beautiful Hope Valley of Derbyshire.

TECHNICIANS AND ACTORS OF THE CINEMA INVADE A SCOTTISH VILLAGE: *Hunted* is the name of a film which is now being made at Portpatrick, a usually quiet little fishing port in Scotland. But the Scottish fishermen carry on as though nothing unusual was happening.

SHOOTING A CASTLE: Some of the cameramen working on the film *Hunted*, which is being made at Portpatrick, in Scotland. These are the splendid ruins of Dunskey Castle.

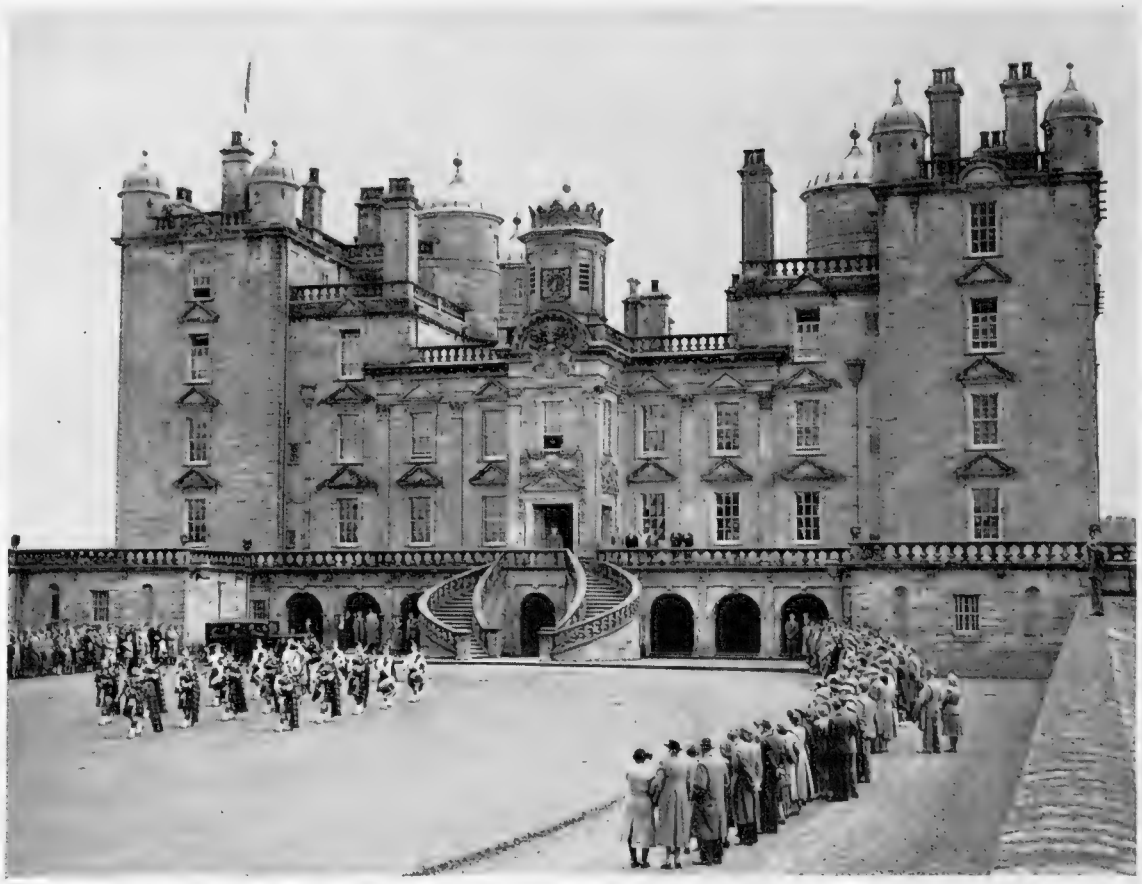
THE "IRON DUKE" TRANSPORTS CARS AND TOURISTS ACROSS ENGLAND'S LARGEST LAKE: This is the old cable ferry-boat, which has carried many thousands of visitors and their cars across Lake Windermere, the largest lake in England. Its odd appearance has earned it the name "Iron Duke." Soon it will disappear for good and a more modern conveyance will take its place. The cost of the replacement will be £20,000.

RADIO-ACTIVE WASTE MATERIAL FROM AN ATOMIC RESEARCH STATION IS DISPOSED OF INTO THE THAMES: Holiday-makers in the many scores of rowing-boats and cabin cruisers which pass along the Thames between Reading and Pangbourne have been puzzled by this boom which juts out more than half-way across the water. It is intended to confine river craft to a small channel between the end of the boom and the far bank, and it marks the spot where a pipeline crossing fourteen miles of country from the atomic research station at Aldermaston sprays radio-active waste liquid into the river. Eventually 25,000 gallons of waste liquid will be discharged into the river every day. In this picture Mr. J. W. Hughes, of Reading, is attending to navigation lights on the boom while a cabin cruiser passes through the channel.

FESTIVAL DAYS IN SCOTLAND

AND THE CLANS BEGIN TO GATHER

The Exiles Return to Their Homeland



THE AUSTRALIAN HIGHLAND PIPE BAND PAYS A VISIT TO HISTORIC DRUMLANRIG CASTLE, DUMFRIESSHIRE, SEAT OF THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH, BEFORE ATTENDING THE GATHERING OF THE CLANS IN EDINBURGH: *Left*—Princess Margaret, accompanied by her hostess, the Duchess of Buccleuch, talking with the drum major of the Australian band. *Right*—The band playing on the lawns beneath the castle steps. The band has been making a goodwill tour of Scotland, playing in the towns and cities, and last Saturday it took part in the gathering of the clans at Murrayfield and the march-past down Princes Street. Canada has also sent bands to Scotland for the celebrations: the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders (Canada), the Seaforth Highlanders (Canada), and the No. 401 (City of Westmount) Fighter Squadron, Royal Canadian Air Force.

***On right*—**
THE CLANSMEN FORGATHER: Lord MacPherson of Drumochter, the chief of the Clan MacPherson and chairman of the Council of Scottish Clan Societies, looks on as Gilbert Carmichael, Royal Chief of the Order of Scottish Clans, the largest Scottish society in the world, steps from a Stratocruiser on arrival at Glasgow with a contingent of Americans and Canadians. Shortly after his arrival Mr. Carmichael acted as host at a reunion of Scottish exiles.

***On left*—**
THE CHIEF ADDRESSES HIS CLANSMEN: Captain Patrick Munro on the steps of Foulis Castle, near Dingwall, Ross-shire, where he greeted members of the Clan Munro who had gathered from many parts of the world. Foulis Castle is built on land given to the Munros on condition that the King could demand payment of one snowball — in midsummer.

THE FOURSOME HIGHLAND FLING CONTEST AT THE STRATHALLAN GAMES WHICH IN THIS FESTIVAL YEAR HAVE CELEBRATED THEIR CENTENARY: Highland dancers consider a win at these games among the highest honours in dancing.

ENCOUNTER AT THE STRATHALLAN GAMES: Fair-haired Maureen Carbury, of Clackmannan, a delightful figure in Highland costume, is congratulated on her dancing by Mr. J. MacKay MacGregor, who has been secretary of the Strathallan meeting for over fifty years. The Games are held in Strathallan Park, Bridge of Allan, Stirlingshire. The first Strathallan meeting was held on July 24, 1852, and since 1863 the gathering has been staged annually with the exception of the years of war.

ON THE WAY TO THE INVERMARK MOORS IN GLENESK, ANGUS : A party climbing through the heather en route to the butts on Monday, August 13, the start of grouse shooting, which was delayed by a day as the twelfth fell on a Sunday. Rain and mist on the moors caused a poor opening to the grouse-shooting season in most parts of Scotland. Fewer parties than usual were out and bags were disappointing.

OUT WITH THE GUNS IN PERTH AND ANGUS

THE START OF THE GROUSE-SHOOTING SEASON

THE GUNS GO OUT AT LOCHLAN, NEAR AMULREE : Making their way up the hill with Loch Freuchie behind them. Mrs. T. M. Burrell was hostess and her party included Lord and Lady Forteviot, Sir Nigel and Lady Mordaunt, Major and Mrs. W. G. Finlay, Mr. David and Miss Mary Walter, Mr. John and Miss Ann Douglas, and Mlle Monique de Fonrocque, a visitor from Bordeaux. Some of the birds shot on the Scottish moors on this first day of the season were taken by road to Prestwick Airport and were flown across the Atlantic during the night. On the following day they were on the menu in the 21 Club in New York.

ON TULLYMURDOCK MOOR, RANALGAZION, PERTHSHIRE : Master Jeremy Davidson, Captain D. Roy, Mr. and Mrs. G. Robinson, Miss Mann, Lady and Lord Leverhulme, Mr. E. G. W. Ainsworth and Mr. M. L. Haselden walking towards the butts. They found that birds were rising some 300 or 400 yards in front of the guns.

NELL RETRIEVES THE FIRST BIRD OF THE SEASON AT A PERTHSHIRE SHOOT : *Left*—The Earl of Lanesborough's bitch, Nell, returning with a handsome grouse between her jaws. *Right*—Nell approaches her master, the Earl of Lanesborough, with the first fruits of the season. These pictures were taken at Mr. F. Peshall's shoot at Glen Quoich, Amulree, Perthshire, where weather conditions marred the opening.

"CYRANO de BERGERAC" on the SCREEN: *THE FILM VERSION OF ROSTAND'S MASTERPIECE*

"AN EXTRAORDINARY MAN—SOLDIER, POET, PHILOSOPHER, MUSICIAN, PLAYWRIGHT—AND THE BEST SWORDSMAN IN FRANCE—AND SUCH A NOSE—THERE IS NO SUCH NOSE AS THAT NOSE—WHEN IT BLOWS, THE TYPHOON HOWLS—WHEN IT BLEEDS, THE RED SEA—'TIS A ROCK, A CRAG, A CAPE—SAY, RATHER, A PENINSULA": This is Jose Ferrer in the title-role of the Hollywood screen version of Edmond Rostand's masterpiece *Cyrano de Bergerac*, which is to be presented at the Carlton Theatre in the early autumn. Jose Ferrer is coming to London for the première. The film is produced by Stanley Kramer and directed by Michael Gordon.

CYRANO ABOUT TO DISARM VALVERT IN THE FAMOUS DUEL AT THE THÉÂTRE DE BOURGOGNE IN PARIS: Albert Cavens as Valvert, the arrogant nobleman, and Jose Ferrer as Cyrano in the film version of *Cyrano de Bergerac*. While the two men fight, Cyrano composes an extemporaneous ballad and, fitting the words to his actions, he kills Valvert with the last line of the last refrain.

"AGAINST A HUNDRED, YOU ARE MAD!": Cyrano (Jose Ferrer) refuses to be dissuaded from fighting a hundred ruffians lying in wait for his friend Ragueneau (Lloyd Corrigan), despite the pleas of Le Bret (Morris Canovsky; right).

CYRANO THE GREAT LOVER: *Left*—In the siege of Arras he risks his life to carry Christian's letters to Roxane. *Right*—Roxane (Mala Powers) understands at last that Cyrano himself was the author of the letters, and that it was he himself who for long years had written to her and spoken to her so beautifully of love. When Roxane learns the poignant truth she declares: "I have never loved but one man in my life, and I have lost him—twice."

When the great Coquelin Ainé, who had created the leading parts in over forty plays, appeared on the stage in December 1897 in the Porte St. Martin Theatre in Paris, in *Cyrano de Bergerac*, the play which had been written specially for him by Edmond Rostand, he achieved the greatest personal triumph of his long career, and for Rostand, too, it was the climax of his success as a playwright. Indeed, in *Cyrano de Bergerac* a new masterpiece of heroic drama had come to the world. Three years after the Paris production *Cyrano de Bergerac* was presented in English at Wyndham's Theatre, London, and now, half-a-century later, Hollywood has taken the play and moulded it to her fashion, but not too noticeably it is to be hoped. At the end of September or the beginning of October Londoners will have the opportunity of seeing how Stanley Kramer has produced this essentially French drama, which was actually completed a year ago. Kramer, famed for his participation in every detailed phase of his films, a believer in careful and intensive pre-production preparation and rehearsals, coupled with brief shooting schedules and low budgets, has, by all accounts, given an immensity of personal effort to the film. His opening scenes are set in the Théâtre de Bourgogne in Paris, beginning with the play within a play in which Cyrano orders the star from the stage, despite the noisy protests of the assembled nobles. Montfleury leaves as Cyrano, known for his temper, is also known as the most famous swordsman in France. Then follows the great duel scene, the outcome of Valvert's remarks about Cyrano's prodigious nose, the scene in which Valvert and Cyrano thrust and parry and the latter, at the same time, composes the ballad which, in its last line, coincides with the impaling of the arrogant Valvert. It is in the tender love-passages in which Cyrano speaks for Christian that the play reached its height, and upon this, of course, the film will stand or fall. There are tremendous moments at the end of the film when Cyrano is run down in the narrow street outside Ragueneau's bakery shop. Roxane awaits his regular Saturday visit with impatience. In fifteen years he has never been late before. When he arrives she learns he is dying. He asks her to let him read Christian's last letter. His whole soul is in the reading. She realises that the sun has set, that it is too dark for him to read, that he is speaking from memory. Then, for the first time, she knows that it has been Cyrano whom she has loved all these years, and who has loved her. And then Cyrano dies, sword in hand, calling out in his delirium against his ancient enemies, "Falsehood . . . Prejudice . . . Compromise . . . Cowardice." As he falls he says, ". . . there is one crown I bear away with me . . . the one thing without stain, unspotted from the world, in spite of doom mine own! And that is . . . my white plume of freedom!"

PRESENTING THE Big NEW VAUXHALLS

Entirely new Velox and Wyvern models

Longer, wider, sleeker . . . full 5-seater roominess
Superb riding comfort . . . true Vauxhall economy

Here is the best balanced combination of desirable qualities ever brought together in modern car design. Here is big car motoring of a new and fascinating character . . . high performance with low revs., real economy with Vauxhall quality. Here is spreading comfort for five and room for a sixth, space for a full load of holiday luggage, new suspension front and rear, unusually good road holding and steadiness on corners, all-round vision . . . *and all-round technical excellence.* Here, in short, in these two outstanding new Vauxhalls, is Engineering Leadership at its best. The specification is really worth studying. Ask your local Vauxhall dealer for details—or write direct to

● 6 CYL. VELOX

2¼ litres; 75 m.p.h.
For really high performance with surprising economy.
(25 m.p.g. with normal driving).
£515 PLUS £287.12.3 P.T.

● 4 CYL. WYVERN

Same size, same modern styling, as Velox; 1½ litre engine, and outstanding economy.
(Well over 30 m.p.g. with normal driving).
£475 PLUS £265.7.9 P.T.

VAUXHALL MOTORS LIMITED · LUTON · BEDFORDSHIRE

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

A NOVEL OF DELIGHT AND EXASPERATION

Mr. Benn Sowerby's "Fright in the Forest," an Odd and Other-worldly Piece of Writing

THE strangest novel of the week, but by no means the most negligible, is Mr. Benn Sowerby's FRIGHT IN THE FOREST (Hart-Davis ; 10s. 6d.). This odd, other-worldly piece of writing is intensely interesting and often as irritating. To begin with, the reader has to key his attention to the writer's complete absorption in his principal character, a concentration which is both rewarding and exhausting. Mr. Sowerby writes of an era that might be the Victorian, but that is possibly any age that has included the railway train and the English eccentric. His countryside is as exquisitely described as his seaside, but both are not only unidentifiable, but exist only in that dream time and land to which writers may have access and their readers, with more difficulty, follow them.

In his introduction, which like all valuable introductions should be read at the beginning and studied again at the end, Mr. Siegfried Sassoon writes : " My impression . . . was that I had been alternately delighted and exasperated. What the imaginary biographer had related about his living experiences had often charmed and fascinated me, and sometimes excited my curiosity. It was his mental behaviour that irritated me. In fact, I found him tiresome and more than a little mad." Mr. Sassoon goes on to speak of other objections, but of greatly rewarding qualities in the book, and I can do no better than to say that on long reflection, for this novel is worthy of it, I find more attractions than repulsions in it, and a force of intention that makes it a notable if not a popular experiment.

The story is that of a young man (his childhood is described with great tenderness and effect) who grows up to be a creature of ceaseless self-examination, whose every acquaintance is subjected by him to a hair-splitting analysis as in this phrase, which, applied to one's own life, would leave one in a state of perpetual suspension : " I sat down beside her and, although it may have meant nothing to her, for me it was a symbolic action of surrender." In spite of this almost sickly awareness of moves and moods, there are some delightful descriptions, and the cumulative effect of the novel is to leave one stimulated but slightly headachey.

BURNING BRIGHT (Heinemann ; 7s. 6d.), though it possesses one of the few positive and affirmative titles of this week's books, is again something of a problem. In this slight book Mr. John Steinbeck has again attempted a form which has been designed by him before—the play-novelette. This has many of the faults of the hybrid, and may puzzle the layman who likes plays to be plays, and novelettes to be readable. It is also written in a tiresome lingo that makes one regret the meatier Victorian melodramas. " It would be different," says the circus acrobat's wife to the clown, " if his mind and energy could move creatively in the stars of mathematics or build out of eight notes a pattern of music new and living. . . ." It would indeed. It would also be something else than the story of that acrobat.

It is this translation of one man, one woman and one problem, sterility, to three different lives that Mr. Steinbeck has planned. The story is told in three acts, and although it progresses in action, the woman hoping to save the man's pride by presenting him with a secretly illegitimate baby, the scene changes from the circus tent, where the idea starts, to a remote farm-house, to a little cargo-boat, and finally to an aseptic hospital room. It is dramatic, almost self-consciously so, in design, but might have been more moving and less artificial in the more handy form of a brief novel.

Into the tight little world of an English country house, a pretty woman of forty, her second husband, her daughter and their son, comes a new figure in the old guise of the prodigal brother, and life in that country dwelling is changed beyond recall. INTRUDER IN THE HOUSE (Faber ; 12s. 6d.) is the work of a fairly new novelist, and it is to be recommended. Miss Kathleen Warren writes with a suave authority that twenty novels could not improve and, more important, she writes with great perception and with a real sympathy for the frailties and impulses of ordinary human beings. This understanding of hers is balanced very truly between the prevalent attitudes of neurotic

NOVELISTS BOTH : Moira and Catherine Gaskin, the two sisters from Dundalk, who as children emigrated with their parents to Australia. Now both share a flat in London, and both are novelists. Moira's first novel, *Heaven Knows Where* (Collins. 9s. 6d.), has just been published. Catherine, whose book *This Other Eden* appeared when she was sixteen, has since had three further novels published.

analysis and angry contempt which some of the younger writers seem to affect, and it is a precious quality. The people of Miss Warren's story are exactly life-sized, neither meaner nor grander, and in that is the basic appeal of the book.

VERONICA (Longman's ; 9s. 6d.) has a North African setting as tempered and translated by the French *bourgeoisie*, and it is a setting of real authenticity, in which mothers of good family and discussions of dowries have the ascendancy over sheikhs and dark bazaars. It is probable that Laura Pope has a first-hand knowledge of the French North African port of which she writes so competently.

Veronica, incidentally, is herself English, with the freshness and appearance of rose-petal innocence that belong to the most favoured of English beauties, but it is she whose existence, or, rather, whose presence in the town, most vitally affects the middle-aged and bearded Frenchman who is the narrator of the story, and his handsome young nephew, for whose love-life very different arrangements have been made. The older man constitutes himself Veronica's protector, though a platonic one. The younger man is soon her lover. Her comfort should be assured and her emotions gratified, but the villain of this particular piece is the deadly sin of interference, and through that everything goes awry.

A PLACE TO HIDE (Hart-Davis ; 9s. 6d.) is a story of post-war Trieste, and of a strange incident in the life of a foreign correspondent temporarily without a newspaper at his back. The first few pages of Mr. Clifford King's novel are in that clipped, allusive style which would make an impatient reader wonder what it was all about, and would give even an attentive reader pause. But when the writer swings into his story proper, this momentary drawback is forgotten and there is the beginning of excitement instead.

With Elizabeth Kyle's novel—we are taken into the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, when Glasgow was a town and not a city, and when the tobacco lords and their fortunes made the new and ephemeral aristocracy. THE TONTINE BELL (Peter Davies. 10s. 6d.) is, in fits and starts, a lively reconstruction of those times when great riches were won in Virginian plantations and lost in the American War of Independence : when rich merchants bought or built fine houses near the port of Glasgow, filled them with tapestries and paintings, and perhaps hanged themselves from the crystal chandeliers when their ships failed to come home.

Mr. R. J. Minney has made the experiment of re-writing an earlier novel and, while keeping to the same story, filling in the scenes with greater detail and making its scope wider. The result is THE GOVERNOR'S LADY (Jarrold's. 9s. 6d.), newly introduced to us as one of the greatest love-stories in English history, and being the tale of Warren Hastings' meeting with his wife, the difficulties that preceded their marriage, and their eventual happiness in spite of the ordeal of his years-long trial. Mr. Minney is a specialist, as we know, in Indian history, and one feels that in these pages the burning, dangerous days in Madras and Calcutta, the power and riches of the East India Company, and the constant, vicious intriguing live again.

For anyone who can struggle through a forest of proper names and titles, Alice Harwood's historical novel, MERCHANT OF THE RUBY (Bodley Head. 12s. 6d.), has undoubted attractions. It is long (which in itself is sometimes regarded as a quality), it is full of wars and rumours of wars, of fair maids waiting while knightly warriors fight and are sometimes killed, and it is dedicated apparently to that redoubtable premise that love conquers all. Although it purposes to be the story of Perkin Warbeck, and that is a story worth telling, it also undertakes the saga of Richard III, of the Princes in the Tower, of Henry Tudor and the founding of his house, and of Margaret of York and her deeply laid plans for her family. Besides this, there are wicked uncles in plenty.

NO HIGHER MOUNTAIN (Methuen. 10s. 6d.), by Anthony Armstrong, is one of those meticulously planned crime novels that should be followed word for word. The book has an excellent central idea in the development of the *folie de grandeur* in a self-made business man who has attained not only fabulous riches but far too much power to be healthy for any one man.

"THE LITTLE MONSTER" OF MONTMARTRE

A Novel About Toulouse-Lautrec

Fifty years ago, on September 9, 1901, Henrie-Marie-Raymond, Vicomte de Toulouse-Lautrec, scion of one of France's oldest families, a descendant of that Raymond de Toulouse who on the First Crusade helped to wrest the Holy City from the Infidel, died at the age of thirty-six at the Château de Malrômé, his life wrecked by the influence of alcohol, the result of years of absinthe- and cognac-drinking in the bistros of Montmartre, the fires of his genius burnt out and the hopes of his romantic, yearning heart, that lay within his stunted, unprepossessing frame, inevitably unfulfilled. To the world, this ugly young-old man, whom Yvette Guilbert called " the little monster," who beneath the aspect of Caliban concealed the fantasy of Ariel, left a legacy beyond all computation, drawings, paintings, lithographs by the hundred, depicting life in his beloved Montmartre, on the racecourse, at the circus, and even in the *maisons closes* which he frequented and where, indeed, he sometimes lived. Never has lighter hand assisted an eye more discerning ; seldom has more artistry been packed by one man into a few hectic years. The present commemorative exhibition of Toulouse-Lautrec's lithographic work, at the New Burlington Galleries in London, gives some indication of the measure of his artistic genius, and quite the most racy account of his life now comes to us in novel form in Pierre la Mure's MOULIN ROUGE (Collins. 12s. 6d.). As may be imagined, the author has a wealth of dramatic incident at his command, almost an excess of incident, for Toulouse-Lautrec was, to say the least, a very busy little man, only finding time for his vast artistic output and his immense dissipation by sacrificing sleep across the whole fifteen years of his maturity. Pierre la Mure begins his story with Lautrec's childhood at the Château de Bosc, at Albi, and at Celeyran, when he met with the tragic accident which stunted his growth and which led him from the life of a young nobleman into the strange paths where he won fame and spent his fortune. We see him as an art student in Paris, his true impulses restrained by the academic dictates of the day ; then as the *bon viveur*, haunting the Moulin Rouge, for which he drew his first and most famous poster, and rejoicing in companionships and *affaires* even in the basest walks of life—contacts which enabled him to leave behind the most moving and precise records of the age, of the dying nineteenth century. Lautrec's unceasing quest for romance, fame's unceasing searching out of Lautrec, and the mounting tragedy of his days are presented admirably. Some of the dialogue is a trifle forced, noticeably when M. Degas and Vincent Van Gogh are injected into the scene ; some of the purpler passages are too vivid by far, as also is the book's cover design, which should surely have paid tribute to the delicate skill of Lautrec himself ; but the characterisation is excellent, and this biography in novel form has both pace and power. Above all, it is sympathetic to the forlorn misshapen genius, its central figure ; in fact, it has the same attitude of benevolence as the artist himself possessed in his approach to all that he so brilliantly essayed.

Ferenc Molnar, the Hungarian playwright, in COMPANION IN EXILE (W. H. Allen. 15s.), has written a moving tribute to his secretary, Wanda Bartha. Molnar and Wanda together fled from proscription, prison and murder in the tortured Europe of the war years. This is an intensely personal record ; almost too personal for the glare of day, but as an account of a devoted relationship, as a love-story, it has infinite pathos. In some ways *Companion in Exile* is reminiscent of the story of Rainer Maria Rilke, the German lyric poet, and Magda von Hattingburg. Both have the same quality of poignancy and deep sincerity.

The storms of 150 years have brought little change to the idyllic character of the Lake District, and certainly little change to the outlines of hill and lake. William Wordsworth's A GUIDE THROUGH THE DISTRICT OF THE LAKES (Rupert Hart Davis. 9s. 6d.) is still unsurpassed as a practical handbook to the beauties of the landscape. Nor has the book lost its position as the most important prose work of one of England's greatest poets. John Piper has provided the illustrations for this new edition.

In France, Madame Colette's works are now a national glory, something to enjoy as well as be proud of, like Chambertin or the Luxembourg Gardens. Raymond Mortimer stresses this characteristic in his introduction to CHERI and THE LAST OF CHERI, two novels which are published together in the uniform edition which is now being produced by Secker and Warburg. The price is 10s. 6d., and the edition is neatly presented.

Those who have seen St. Marylebone's Festival Exhibition of the flat of Sherlock Holmes in Baker Street, a vivid re-creation of the background of Conan Doyle's great detective of fiction, will not be surprised to learn that a full-length biography has now appeared. Gavin Brend is the author, and the title is MY DEAR HOLMES (Allen and Unwin. 10s. 6d.). The author, taking the sixty cases narrated by Watson, has deduced the year in each case and woven the whole into a single biographical account, which vividly recalls the London of gaslight and hansom cabs.

In SPLIT SECONDS (G. T. Foulis and Co. 21s.) Raymond Mays tells the story of his racing career. His account of the launching of those two great projects, first the E.R.A. and now the B.R.M., constitutes an important chapter in the history of British motor racing.

The latest addition to the " Masters of Painting " Series is Jose Lopez Rey's FRANCISCO DE GOYA (Longmans. 10s. 6d.). The Spanish-born author now lives in New York, where he is a lecturer at the Institute of Fine Arts.

IMPERIAL LEATHER

HAND-FINISHED

Toilet Soaps

A Cussons product

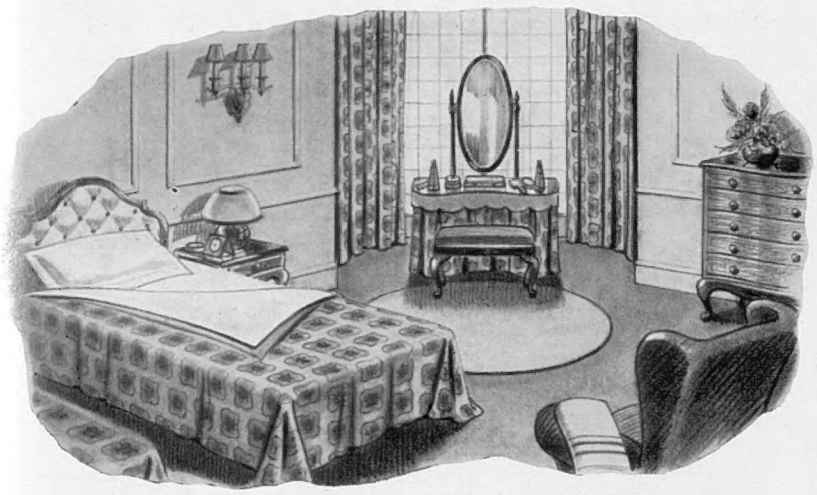
CUSSONS SONS & CO LTD, 84 BROOK ST, LONDON W.1

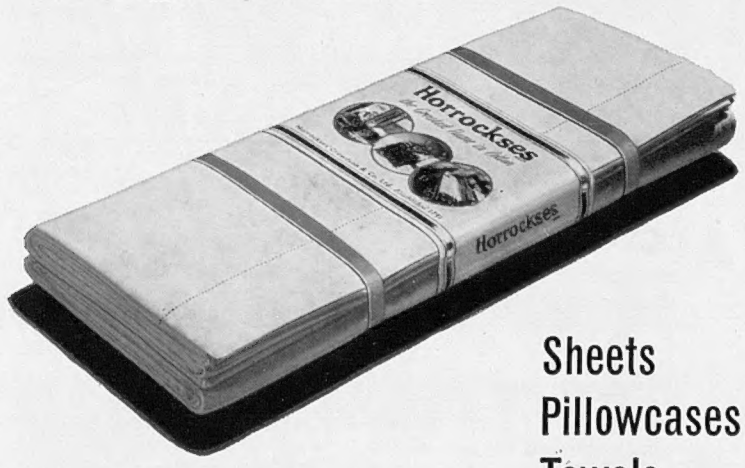
Colourful and Casual

Separates you can put together for practically nothing! Your skirt, casually elegant, in **"Morning Haze"** tweed—temptingly priced! As for your woollies . . . knit these in soft **"Morning Haze"** wools in lovely colours, specially dyed to tone with your tweeds. Ask to see the newest knitting instructions leaflets at your favourite wool shop.

Munrospun

See "Morning Haze" range of skirts at your favourite store or write for nearest stockist to
MUNRO & COMPANY LTD.,
(DEPT. SP.4) RESTALRIG, EDINBURGH





Sheets
Pillowcases
Towels

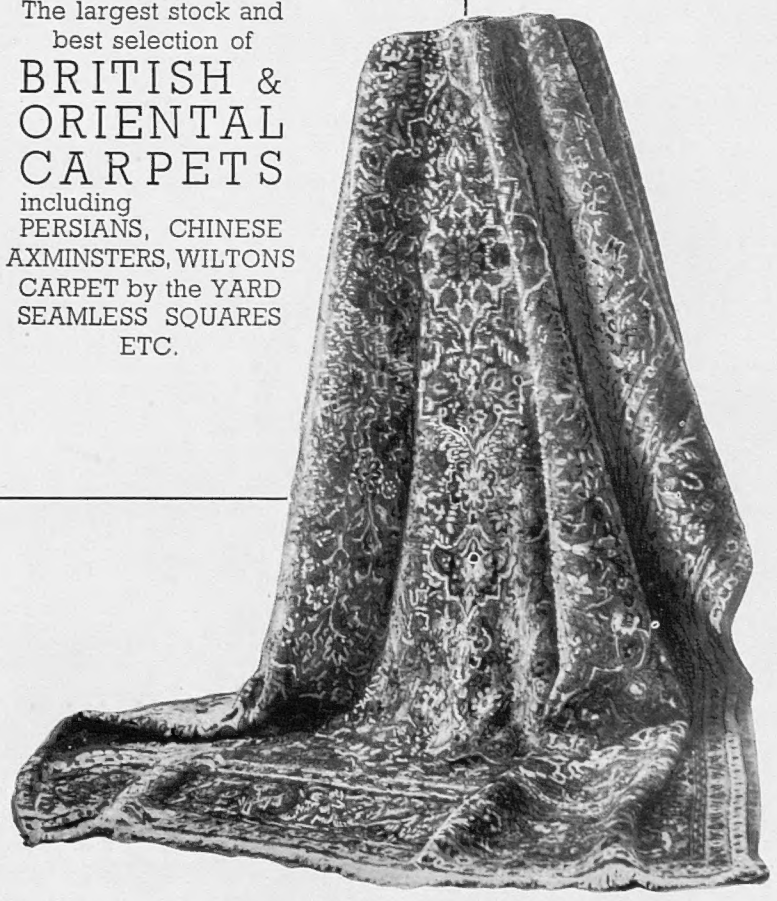
Horrockses REG?

the Greatest Name in Cotton

HORROCKSES, CREWDSON & CO. LTD., PRESTON, MANCHESTER, BOLTON, LONDON

MAPLE CARPETS

The largest stock and best selection of
BRITISH & ORIENTAL CARPETS
including
PERSIANS, CHINESE
AXMINSTERS, WILTONS
CARPET by the YARD
SEAMLESS SQUARES
ETC.



MAPLE & CO. LTD. TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON, W.1
BIRMINGHAM - BOURNEMOUTH - BRIGHTON - BRISTOL - LEEDS - LEICESTER - NOTTINGHAM

IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY.

Letters, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him, c/o The Editor, THE SPHERE, *Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2.*

HYTHE, Kent—HOTEL IMPERIAL

Holiday this year on the Kentish Coast, at this magnificently equipped hotel facing the sea. 50 acres garden, private Golf Course. A large number of rooms with private bath; some private suites. Fine Ballroom and Cocktail Lounge. A.A., R.A.C. Tel.: 67441.

Jersey, C.I. Hotel L'HORIZON, St. Brelade's Bay

Look forward to Winter! Sunshine, scenery, sea air, shops, shows; a private bath, perfect cuisine, a permanent orchestra, are among the amenities offered for winter residents at this 1st Register Hotel. Write Mrs. J. E. Sears. Tel.: St Aubin 887.

GOING TO LONDON? For quiet comfort and convenience of location, book your hotel accommodation at ST. ERMIN'S, CAXTON STREET, LONDON, S.W.1, a stone's-throw from St. James's Park Underground, and Victoria Street bus stop. Very comfortable apartments and breakfast from 25/- per night. Tel.: ABBev 7888.

LONDON, GORE HOTEL and RESTAURANT

Queen's Gate, S.W.7. (By Kensington Gardens end.) A small, luxury hotel, quietly situated, with a Restaurant becoming famous for its *à la carte* menus. The wine list, which has been designed to suit the palate of the connoisseur and the pockets of the impoverished, is surely the finest in Town. No Music. Ken. 3621.

MINEHEAD, SOMERSET, NORTHFIELD

Situated in 3 acres of grounds, aims at high standards of catering and comfort *at any time of the year.* Convalescence? A Honeymoon? Or just in holiday mood? Exmoor, the sea, and Northfield make a happy combination. Tel.: 864.

THE COUNTY HOTEL, ROTHBURY NORTHUMBERLAND

This modern, well-appointed hotel provides for your complete enjoyment . . . . first-class service, well-cooked food, cocktail lounge, own gardens. A.A.*** R.A.C. Vacancies for Permanent Residents. Phone & Grams: Rothbury 6 & 235. and Veteran Motorists.

VICTORIA HOTEL, SIDMOUTH, IN SUNNY SOUTH DEVON

Rooms overlooking the sea with private bath and self-controlled radio. Orchestra. Dancing, Cocktail Lounge. All outdoor recreations; food you will enjoy. Come and be spoilt! Open all the year. Tel.: 951.

CARLYON BAY HOTEL, Nr. ST. AUSTELL, Cornwall.

In the centre of the Cornish Riviera. Facing south and overlooking the sea. 90 bedrooms, many with private bathroom. Own Golf Course adjoining. Tennis, Bowls, Swimming, Fishing. Write or phone PAR 404 for illustrated brochure.

TORQUAY'S GRAND HOTEL

On the level, facing the sea. Sun lounge, suites and willing service. Write O. R. Paul for comprehensive terms for your AUTUMN HOLIDAY or WINTER RESIDENCE. Tel.: Torquay 2234.

OATLANDS PARK HOTEL, WEYBRIDGE, SURREY

Only 30 minutes from London. Golf, Tennis, Squash, Bowls, Swimming Pool and Dancing—all free to Residents. 150 Rooms (many with private bath) and self-contained suites. Moderate inclusive terms. Weybridge 1190.

Introducing

The MILSON *free* LEAFLET SERVICE

for the discriminating buyer

Assortment of different manufacturers' leaflets forwarded for any item, Free and without obligation

MOTOR SCYTHES • LAWNMOWERS • HEDGETRIMMERS
GARAGES • GREENHOUSES • POULTRY HOUSES • SHEDS
FRAMES • GARDEN & TUBULAR STEEL FURNITURE • GARDEN & INDUSTRIAL TRUCKS & WHEELBARROWS • GATES (Wood, Tubular, Field, Ornamental) • ARTISTIC & PERIOD IRONWORK
RUSTICWORK • FENCES & FENCING ERECTION SERVICE
HURDLES • *Estimates Free* • *Buildings designed at sites*

THE MILSON SUPPLY CO. BATHWICK HILL, BATH, SOMERSET
Dept. S.1. Telephone: Bath 5624. Grams: Bath Milsuco.

Acclaimed Europe's Leading Orange!

★ TWO STARS OF EXCELLENCE—THE PREMIER AWARDS
★ AT THE INTERNATIONAL COMPETITION LISBON, FEBRUARY, 1951

SOLO

means more REAL ORANGE JUICE

now obtainable everywhere 3/6 per bottle

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Has nobody told you, Mr. Grigson?

Most drivers take the underneath of a car for granted, but industry cannot leave protection from rust to chance. Among the most effective methods of rust removal and rust prevention are those calling for phosphoric acid. Albright & Wilson's phosphate products in many different ways, often anonymously, are giving manufacturers what they want — to provide the better goods which the public needs.

Chemicals for Industry

ALBRIGHT & WILSON LTD

49 PARK LANE, LONDON, W.1

TBW150

An easy way to ask for the best

Call for "Black & White" whenever you ask for Scotch.

There is no better way of indicating that only the best will do for you. Blended in the special "Black & White" way this fine Scotch has no superior.

'BLACK & WHITE'

SCOTCH WHISKY

The Secret is in the Blending

By Appointment to H.M. King George VI.

Scotch Whisky Distillers
James Buchanan & Co. Ltd.

Forging Ahead ! Here the race is to the swift and sure

Swift and sure service is a feature of the

"LONDON & LANCASHIRE" ORGANISATION

7 CHANCERY LANE, LONDON. W.C.2

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publisher first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 2s., and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade, or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

THE NEW

'ENGLISH ELECTRIC'

refrigerator

much more storage space

minimum kitchen space

large frozen food locker

easy de-frosting

easy cleaning

clear-view vegetable containers

thermostatic temperature control

snap-release ice cubes

clear-view meat-keeper

adjustable shelves

standing room for quart bottles

silent-running economy unit

CAPACITY 7·6 cu. ft.

Full of Fresh ideas!

BRINGING YOU BETTER LIVING

For illustrated leaflet write to The ENGLISH ELECTRIC Company Ltd. (D.A.S.110) Queens House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2

PRINTED IN ENGLAND by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LTD., Milford Lane, London, W.C.2, and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2. SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 1951. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.